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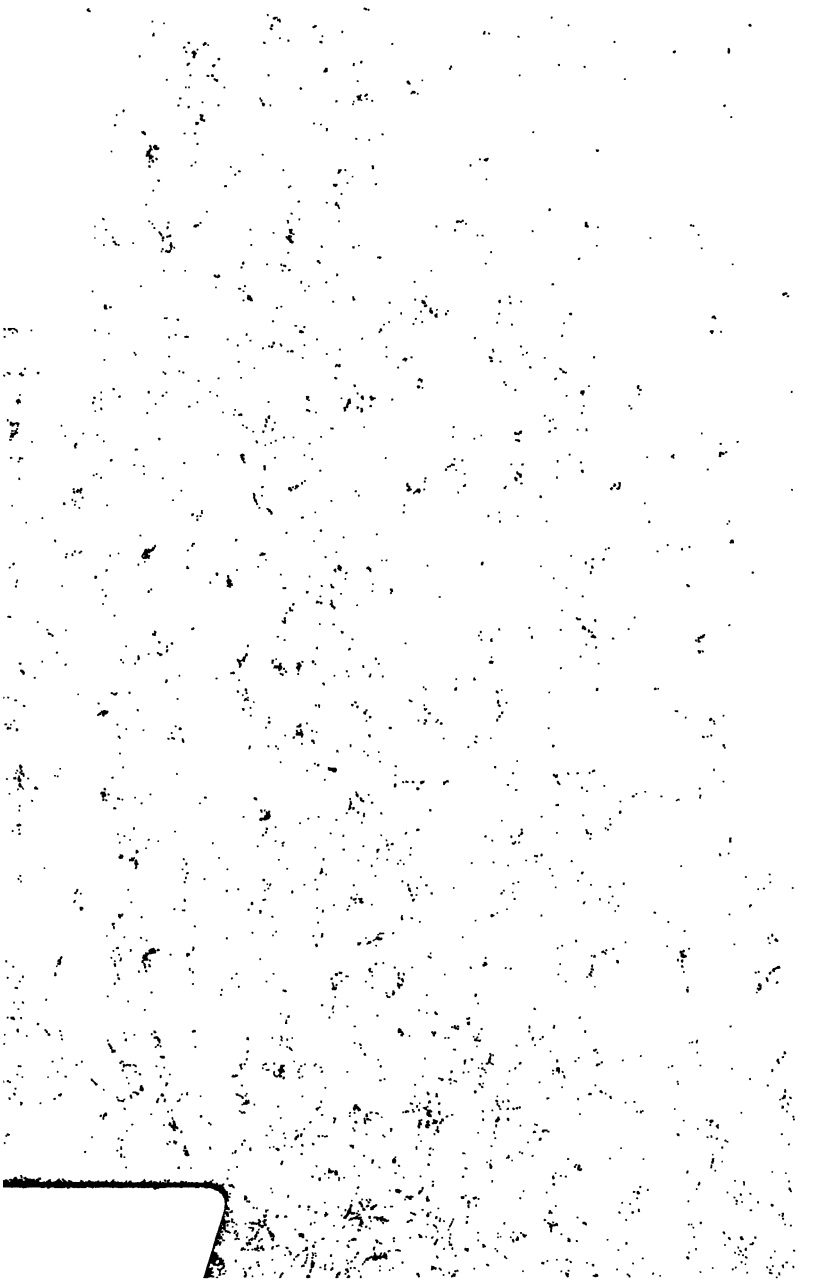
BY OCEAN PRAIRIE & PEAK

J. ALEXANDER R. DODDS, F.R.G.S.



w/ Rev & Mrs. S. V. Carter.
867 Dorchester Avenue
Winnipeg.

With loving Christian regards from
Alexander A. Bodby
— (the author)

BY OCEAN, PRAIRIE, AND PEAK

Sept 26 1912.

SNOW-PLOUGH.

BY OCEAN PRAIRIE AND PEAK

SOME GLEANINGS FROM
AN EMIGRANT CHAPLAIN'S LOG, ON JOURNEYS
TO BRITISH COLUMBIA, MANITOBA, AND
EASTERN CANADA.

BY

ALEXANDER A. BODDY, F.R.G.S.

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AUTHOR OF

"THE LAYING ON OF HANDS: A BIBLE ORDINANCE," ETC.

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YELLOWSTONE PARK
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Salt Lake Cy.
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Spokane
Seattle
Portland
Boise Cy.
Helena
Denver
Reno
Carson City
Virginia City
Los Angeles
San Francisco
Phoenix
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Charlotte
Gastonia
Rock Hill
Spartanburg
Greenville
Anderson
Clemson
Columbia
Aiken
Augusta
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Jacksonville
Tallahassee
Pensacola
Mobile
Biloxi
Gulfport
Hattiesburg
Meridian
Tupelo
Oxford
Jackson
Vicksburg
Natchez
Baton Rouge
New Orleans
Lafayette
Lake Charles
Beaumont
Port Arthur
Houston
Galveston
Corpus Christi
Brownsville
McAllen
Laredo
San Antonio
Austin
Waco
Dallas
Fort Worth
Abilene
San Angelo
Midland
Odessa
Amarillo
Lubbock
Wichita Falls
Oklahoma City
Tulsa
Muskogee
Fort Smith
Little Rock
Pine Bluff
Texarkana
Shreveport
Monroe
Alexandria
Natchitoches
Lake Charles
Lafayette
Baton Rouge
New Orleans
Gulf of Mexico
Atlantic Ocean
Pacific Ocean
Hudson Bay
Gulf of St. Lawrence
Labrador
Newfoundland
Prince Edward Island
Nova Scotia
New Brunswick
Maine
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New Hampshire
Massachusetts
Rhode Island
Connecticut
New York
New Jersey
Pennsylvania
Delaware
Maryland
West Virginia
Virginia
North Carolina
South Carolina
Georgia
Florida
Alabama
Mississippi
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Arkansas
Missouri
Kentucky
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Ohio
Indiana
Illinois
Michigan
Wisconsin
Minnesota
Iowa
North Dakota
South Dakota
Nebraska
Kansas
Oklahoma
Texas
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New Mexico
Arizona
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California
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Hawaii
Mexico
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Bahamas
Jamaica
Haiti
Dominican Republic
Puerto Rico
Virgin Islands
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Canada
Alaska
Yukon Territory
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Africa
Australia
New Zealand
Pacific Islands
Caribbean Islands
Central America
South America
Antarctica
Arctic Ocean
Bering Sea
Bering Strait
Aleutian Islands
Kodiak Island
Prince William Sound
Cook Inlet
Anchorage
Fairbanks
Juneau
Ketchikan
Sitka
Skagway
Whitehorse
Dawson
Yellowknife
Iqaluit
Nuuk
Reykjavik
London
Paris
Berlin
Moscow
Beijing
Tokyo
Sydney
Melbourne
Auckland
Wellington
Honolulu
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Port Moresby
Jakarta
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Elazığ
Malatya
Adıyaman
Kahramanmaraş
Osmaniye
Hatay
Adana
Mersin

BY OCEAN, PRAIRIE, AND PEAK

CHAPTER I

FROM THE NORTH SEA TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

IN a smoke-beaten vicarage, a few hundred yards back from the grey North Sea, emigrants have had farewell talks before starting for new homes in the Far West.

The clatter-clatter of a hundred hammers in the ship-yards of the Wear are faintly heard, and the deep thud-thud of a huge steam-hammer mercilessly shakes that home by night and by day. Yet, when all is still with a Sabbath stillness, the "call" of the tide can at times be heard, and the echoing boom of incoming steamers signalling as they enter the harbour or pass up the Wear.

The incessant strain to body, soul, and spirit of a populous parish, and the constant facing of sorrow and sin, would cause a breakdown if there were not pauses. These pauses—never very long—have from time to time been filled with diverse experiences.

Parishioners have protested that they were not true holidays. At all events they were a change of scene and work.

A piled-up vehicle leaves that vicarage by the North Sea. Here are some of the *impedimenta* :— Magic-lantern and sets of slides, oilskins, sea-boots, sou'-wester, hymn-books, prayer-books, tracts, robes for Sunday services, pocket Communion Service, pledge-book, illustrated papers, etc., etc.

Important interviews take place at Liverpool with Mr. Baker of that great Trans-Continental Route the C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railway), and also with Mr. Dyke, the representative of the Canadian Government in its emigration work ; and lastly with the Rev. J. Bridger or some of his clerical assistants, who are to be found in the vestry beneath that quaint tower of St. Nicholas Church which looks out over the Mersey: these occupy usefully some of our time, and then we are ready to sail.

I do not relate the latest voyage across, but one which was more full of interest; weaving into it incidents and information from earlier and later experiences.

It is often wise to be in Liverpool the night before starting. Trains may be delayed, and it would be a very serious thing in some cases to miss the ship. Lime Street Station Hotel (L. & N.W.) has some fairly cheap bedrooms suitable for saloon and better-class intermediate passengers. I wished to find out about the accommodation for steerage folk also.

On arriving at Liverpool, at ten p.m., I heard a voice—

"Are you the Reverend Mr. Boddy, sir?"

Then the questioner conducted me away to the Philadelphia Temperance Hotel, 28, Hunter Street. He said on the way—

"Perhaps you require a first-class hotel, sir?"

"No," I replied; "if your place is only clean I shall be all right. I want to see what accommodation there is for emigrants in Liverpool."

I had no reason to regret my choice. Mr. Lewis and his maiden sisters and a brother keep this place clean and without pretension, and my bill next day, for supper, bed, and breakfast, only came to 3*s.* 6*d.* About 150 people a week pass through their hands, going on board the steamers for America and Canada.

Busy Liverpool! Smart folk and hurrying folk. The black negro, the yellow Chinee, the bright-eyed Hindoo, the flaxen-haired Scandinavian, and the greasy Polish Jew are all seen in its streets.

Crowds of emigrants, with cumbersome luggage, arrive by train. They march through the streets behind great carts on which are piled their boxes. Some make their way to St. Nicholas Church, and ask for Mr. Bridger or his clerical assistants. They give him a letter that their clergyman has written, and he asks them where they are going. Then he fills up a card to give to the Church clergyman of their future parish in the West, and writes a post-card to the latter forthwith, to tell him that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and family are coming to settle in his neighbourhood, and asking him to do all he can for them spiritually and temporally.

Sometimes the passengers go on board at the Prince's landing-stage, but more often at the Alexandra docks. This latter method means extra expense for emigrants in cartage, and five shillings for cab.

On Thursday evening, May 8, the R.M.S. *Vancouver* was in dire confusion. She had been delayed on her homeward passage by fog, and had not had sufficient time to disgorge one cargo and thoroughly to digest another. The harsh song of the donkey-engine rose and rattled through the evening air. The decks were confusedly crowded with passengers and friends. It was little use conjecturing who were passengers until the friends went ashore. The chaplain knelt in his little state-room and asked his MASTER to make use of him on the voyage; to open many doors; to point him to Christian helpers; and to bless the ship.

We sat down to dinner about nine o'clock, still, however, in the docks—a strange sensation, accustomed as one was to dining at sea in the same saloon.

After midnight (Friday, May 9), the *Vancouver* slowly worked her way out, between long lines of lamps stretching out on all sides along the quays, and at last we passed through the gates and into the channel, and so the voyage commenced. We had Evening Prayer in the intermediate before turning in, and commended ourselves and all on the ship to the FATHER'S care.

At breakfast-time we were passing the Chicken Rocks and the Calf of Man. The Isle of Man was looking its noblest, as the huge rocks and cliffs

lifted their heads from the blue waters tumbling and tossing about their feet. When we looked out an hour or two later, the whole western side of the Isle lay behind us, and soon Snaefell and all the other hills sank beneath the horizon.

A few hours later we passed between Stranraer (Scotland) and the Irish coast near Larne. We skirt the Irish shore, and pass between Fair Head and Rathlin Island. Rathlin Island (or Raghery) is just five miles from the Antrim coast, and its bold outlines rise to the north. The hills seem to be a continuation of the mountains on the mainland. Every one who was well enough came out to look up at the rugged heights and organ-pipe rocks high above us on the mainland. The Giant's Causeway was just beyond the next headland, and the structure of rock is similar.

I could, in fancy, see St. Columba in his boat with his followers sailing over the blue tossing waves to yonder Scottish islets, while we in modern days carry his Gospel in a huge Atlantic steamer of 5,600 tons. How altered are circumstances! Columba did not then dream of the great continent to which we are hurrying. Whilst coasting along smoothly and calmly, we held our first open-air service on the after bulkhead. My text was St. Luke xv. 13: "*He took his journey into a far country.*"

We passed in the afternoon up Lough Foyle to Moville (Moughal), and saw the ruins and castle, the churches and white houses, all brilliant in the mellow sunlight. While waiting for the steam-tug from Londonderry, bringing mails and passengers,

CHAPTER II

A Chaplain's Life in Mid-Atlantic

A CHAPLAIN should neither be sea-sick, indolent, nor devoted to the company of the saloon passengers. There is plenty to do for an earnest man, and special opportunities to be seized and used for time and eternity.

A CHAPLAIN'S DAY.

A great pile of *Graphics*, *Good Words*, *Church Bells*, etc., in my cabin is daily diminishing, as I go on my rounds giving sick and whole something to interest them and to pass the monotonous hours. I go forward first to the men's steerage, then aft to the families and women's quarters, and listen to their complaints and endeavour to put things right. It is certainly better for the emigrants to travel on a ship where a recognized chaplain is carried, for he can act at times as a mediator.

This afternoon (being fine) we had a service on deck. I stood on a bulkhead, while all the able folk stood around, or sat wherever they could.

> "Almighty FATHER, hear our cry,
> As o'er the trackless deep we roam."

A strange scene to look upon. The eager faces of country-folk, a scattering of men belonging to the

ship, some saloon passengers, and the flaxen-haired Scandinavians. All bowed their heads when I offered up prayer, all who could sang very heartily, and the roll of men's voices went skywards. While I was speaking, the great vessel was speeding on through the great waves of the blue Atlantic; in the distance an occasional whale was blowing. Another hymn, and we closed with the Benediction. This was at three in the afternoon, cold but bright.

Curiously enough a can of tar fell from the mast above me while I was speaking, and just grazed my head. The sharp edge would have been too much for the chaplain's skull if it had struck that, for it fell at least 100 feet from where a sailor was tarring the ropes. Every one but the chaplain realized that the service was very nearly concluded abruptly, and the chaplain's services entirely dispensed with.

In the evening I exhibited dissolving views in the aft steerage to a mixed crowd. My pictures that night illustrated a voyage across the Atlantic to New York, thence to Niagara and Montreal.

HOW WE SPENT OUR FIRST SUNDAY.

I issued this notice on Saturday—

SERVICES ON SUNDAY.

The Chaplain will hold the following services (weather, etc., permitting) :—

7 a.m.—The Holy Communion (in Library).
10.30 a.m.—Morning Service (Saloon).
3 p.m.—Evening Prayer and Sermon (Intermediate).

Heavy rolling seas this day thinned all our services, for people were nearly all very ill.

I turned out at six and arranged the room for our Early Celebration. This most helpful of all services was carried forward under great difficulties as the huge waves caught the vessel, causing her to oscillate. Only three young men were able to join me, owing to general illness. The swishing of waves, the rattle of chains, the hurrying of sailors summoned by the boatswain's whistle, the ringing of ship's bells, mingled with the voice of the chaplain and the earnest responses of the "two or three gathered together in *His* name." Yet we lifted up our hearts unto the LORD; it was a true "*Anaphora.*"

At 10.30 we had morning service in the large saloon. A reading-desk was rigged up, the chaplain was in his robes, and was supported by a young friend as organist, or rather pianist. The captain read the lessons, and an impromptu choir of young men sang out with great heartiness. The offertory was given to the Sailors' Orphanage at Liverpool. Intermediate and steerage passengers were permitted to join us, but the heavy weather prevented every lady from being present.

At three p.m. we had a hearty service in the intermediate. Well attended; two lady passengers able to come; others in the cabins round opened their doors and listened, though too ill to join in.

FIVE LANGUAGES AND THE LANTERN.

In the steerage at eight p.m., for the benefit of

English, French, Swedish, and Finnish passengers, I exhibited sacred pictures with my magic lantern. I had an interpreter who could speak French and German, and there was a Finn who could understand the latter language and the Scandinavian dialects too.

All my descriptions and addresses were spoken in English, then in German, then in Danish and Finnish, and also in French. At the end every one joined with me in saying the LORD'S Prayer, each one "in the language wherein he was born." All the while the ship was heaving tremendously, but the fact of the great cabin being in darkness, and all eyes fixed upon the illuminated picture, helped them to forget their troubles for awhile.

Thus ended a very happy Sunday, and the good folk thanked me warmly through the interpreter. The Scandinavian country-folk took off their hats, and shaking my hand, repeated, "Tak, Tak."

ROUND THE SHIP.

Monday, May 12.—Too rough to-day to hold any services, so I occupied the time in visiting the passengers in the different parts of the ship. (1) The children; a large party from Manchester, from the Refuge, which does such excellent work for friendless children. They were under the charge of Mr. Boyd. They were happy all the time. (2) The English families in the steerage. (3) The foreigners; chiefly Scandinavians. I had some Swedish Bibles and New Testaments for them. (4) Single men, forward; some good fellows

amongst them. (5) Scandinavian single men, quite a large number. (6) Friends in the intermediate. (7) In the saloon. (8) Talks with sailors, stewards, etc.

I was able to give advice as to the journey, etc., and often we naturally approached more important subjects. I had a good supply of papers and books, owing to the kindness of those who responded to my request for literature for the emigrants. The weary monotony of the never-ending pitching and rolling was made very bearable by the kindness of our English friends who sent these papers.

I brought my Temperance Pledge-book with me, and was enabled to get several signatures, including one from a poor stowaway, whose wretched appearance and condition would have softened a very stony heart.

I am never satisfied with the accommodation for married people in the steerage. Two or three sets of married people are put in one section or cabin. This leads to sin, I am sure. Each family should be absolutely isolated. There is sad laxity as to morals and self-respect in these quarters, where for more than a week together men and women have no real privacy. The male stewards should be kept out of those cabins where the women are.

A HURRICANE.

On Monday afternoon, May 12, the officers were surprised to notice the barometer suddenly go down in a phenomenal manner unknown in the

month of May. Sail was quickly taken in, and for a while it was hoped that we had passed to the north of the anti-cyclonic sphere of action. But it came down upon us in real earnest.

Through the night it raged, and everything movable went from side to side—portmanteaux, etc., in the cabin, pounding backwards and forwards; parcels stored overhead came thundering down, and many folk spent a night of misery and fear. I slept more or less, feeling that I could be of no use. It was most difficult to dress in the morning amidst sliding luggage, water splashing over from the basin, and the porthole first in the waves and then looking up into the sky. One heavier roll than usual after the breakfast had been laid caused all the dishes to jump bodily over the "fiddles," and to slide with a crash along the floor. About £20 worth of plates, cups and saucers, etc., a steward told me, were smashed.

THE DOCTOR BUSY.

Some of the casualties during the hurricane of May 12 and 13—

1. A seaman thrown across the vessel some twenty feet, and head and face badly crushed and cut.
2. A stewardess' arm broken, she was thrown down the "companion."
3. Steward flung across deck, leg injured.
4. Another steward stunned, and scalp cut.
5. A passenger (a fine old Roman priest) had a handsome nose temporarily disfigured.
6. Chaplain crossing spar-deck pitched down to

rails. Deck heeling over to more than 45°. One ought to be thankful for a bruised back under the circumstances.

The most accomplished artist would find it difficult to picture the sublime grandeur of that terrific scene. I stood for an hour or so on the flying bridge with the officers on watch. We had to hold on all the time. Spray swept over everything. The funnels were whitened up to the very top. Looking down on the great vessel rolling her bulwarks under, she looked amidst the great hills of crystal foam like a small boat.

The decks were deserted; not a passenger to be seen; no one but the man at the wheel, almost hidden behind a weather-cloth. Occasionally an unfortunate fireman ran aft, holding on to the safety rope. In my rounds I got a soaking as a Niagara burst over the bows. Holding on to the ropes, the water poured up my sleeves.

The amount of concentrated misery out of sight below those decks was dreadful in quantity and quality.

ESCAPE FROM AN ICEBERG.

GOD'S Fatherly hand was ever over us on this voyage. Three times preserved from danger. First the hurricane, now the second time delivered from collision with an icy monster. I had just come on deck when the sailor in the bows shouted, "Ice right ahead." Out from the mist seemed to rush the form of an ugly berg as large as our ship.

The second officer dashed at the engine-room signal and the propeller was stopped. The quarter-

master obeyed the order, "*Hard a-starboard*," and the helm being put hard over, the great vessel turned slowly and we just shaved past, our waves swishing up the side of the ice. Then we breathed freely. We ought to have been deeply thankful for our escape.

There seemed to be no bears on the great iceberg, which was disappointing to some children who had seen pictures of icebergs with the invariable Polar bears licking their paws. On seeing an iceberg the children at once said, "But where are the bears? The icebergs in our picture-books always have bears on them, and sometimes cubs too."

Soon after we "lay to," and lived a few days, it seemed almost a life, on the ocean wave, our home on the icy deep. We had a black fog, yet we made ourselves quite happy. Services, concerts, magic-lantern lectures went on all the time. We were in the neighbourhood of many icebergs, and so it would be unsafe to move in the thick fog. Often in this neighbourhood they are stranded in the shallow water on the "banks." Sometimes as they melt below they become top-heavy, and turn over with a great splash, to be heard for a considerable distance over the sea. The icebergs, being six-sevenths under the water, are affected by currents unseen on the surface, and so it happens that they sometimes travel slowly but surely even against the wind. They meet a track of field ice floating with the wind and they plough, perhaps, right through. A sealer or a whaler will get to the lee side of a berg and get safely through the floes when such is the case.

Left Liverpool, May 9, 2.35 a.m.
Arrived at Moville, May 9, at 5.30 p.m.
Sailed from Moville, May 9, at 7.10. p.m.

DATE.	DISTANCE.	LATITUDE.	LONGITUDE.	REMARKS, ETC.
May 9	124 miles	54° 45′ N.	5° 26′ W.	Noon off Copeland Island.
„ 10	308 „	55° 30′ „	13° 40′ „	Two hours' detention at Moville.
„ 11	326 „	54° 54′ „	23° 03′ „	Head-wind and sea.
„ 12	260 „	53° 42′ „	30° 00′ „	Strong gale, high sea.
„ 13	186 „	52° 30′ „	34° 40′ „	Strong gale, with hurricane force.
„ 14	250 „	50° 45′ „	40° 17′ „	Moderating.
„ 15	322 „	48° 34′ „	47° 46′ „	Strong head-wind. Detained one hour.
„ 16	100 „	47° 40′ „	49° 30′ „	Pack of field ice and many icebergs. Detained seventeen hours.
„ 17	40 „	47° 20′ „	50° 25′ „	Dense black fog. Detained twenty-one hours.
„ 18	200 „	46° 28′ „	55° 00′ „	Thick black fog. Detained ten hours.
„ 19	328 „	48° 20′ „	62° 25′ „	7.50 a.m., Bird Island Rocks abeam.

C. J. V. LINDALL,
Commander of R.M.S. *Vancouver*

This table of distances, etc. is the copy of the daily report which was issued at noon, when the observations had been taken. It has, however, to be printed sideways, so as to fit into the page. Bird Island Rocks are in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and no more observations are taken after passing them, though we have 500 or 600 miles further to travel.

CHAPTER III

THE BANKS, THE GULF, AND THE RIVER

ONE great advantage of the Canadian route to the American continent is its variety and scenery. The North Channel, when leaving Liverpool, is to many minds much more picturesque than the Queenstown route. There is, for instance, the Isle of Man to be seen, the distant Scottish coast, and the romantic scenery of the Antrim cliffs and Rathlin Island. Then, after a few days on the Atlantic (in an ordinary passage), we see the cliffs of Newfoundland, and losing them we journey for 500 miles up the St. Lawrence in fairly still water. The calm water is a boon to those passengers who have for a few days been unhappy on the great rollers of the Atlantic.

In the earlier part of the summer the steamer track lies to the south of Newfoundland. Later on, when the ice has melted out of the Belle Isle Straits, the steamers sail to the north of Newfoundland, saving some 200 miles on the voyage.

When the wearisome fog lifted, and we went ahead once more, we were indeed thankful. The monotonous boom of the great whistle is very wearing, and there was a great deal of danger.

These fogs, indeed, are more dangerous than heavy seas and wind. Talking with an old salt at Liverpool, I was told that some of the fast steamers—the "greyhounds of the Atlantic" they are called—whose full-speed is over eighteen knots an hour, run through the fog *nominally* at half-speed; but that some of their best days' runs have been when there has been foggy weather with a smooth sea. I prefer slower vessels, whose average time across is ten days, but which sometimes take longer.

We do not mind icebergs when the sun is shining and the fog has gone. They are coldly picturesque now. Before we leave the Arctic stream we have a lovely show. "Ice on the starboard bow, sir," said the second officer to the captain, as he and I were talking on the deck. Some small bergs first, and about noon a glorious cathedral-like island of ice, with huge cliffs of white crystal, solemn and weird, but glorious in its purity and grandeur. Nine were seen in four hours, some, however, far away on the verge of the horizon. Flocks of ice-birds flew along the sea, wheeling suddenly all together. Grand it must be to stand near the Arctic glaciers in Davis Straits, and see the gigantic mass split off and plunge into the deep sea, which then slowly bears it southwards. One of our passengers photographed a berg with the evening sun glinting on its pure blue and white crystals.

We are now steaming over the shallow waters covering the Great Bank of Newfoundland. The sea is no longer 2,000 fathoms in depth beneath

us, but from seventeen to seventy fathoms. We sight Cape Race on the Avalon peninsula. A sealer steams past on her way to St. John's. The passengers line the bulwarks as we pass Cape Race with its lighthouse, and then we coast along the rugged shores of Newfoundland. The dark cliffs rise in irregular heights, and the hills beyond are covered with brown frost-burnt grass, which will probably be green in a few days now. Sometimes we see a white house, but only rarely. While we were out in the Atlantic we rarely saw a vessel, but now quite a number of fishing schooners are in sight, and we pass a large steamer of the Beaver Line.

From Cape Race, at the south-eastern corner of Newfoundland to Cape Ray at the south-western corner, is a little further than from the North Foreland round to Land's End. We lose sight of the mainland between, and we pass the French islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre. At St. Paul de Miquelon stands a French lighthouse, like that at Ushant, with great bands of black and white. Poor Newfoundland! Its French difficulties, its financial collapse, its awful fires, and the unknown sufferings of its fishermen—aye, and of its clergy also—all these things seem to be against her.

It is pleasant to have a first-rate atlas with one. A map of the North Atlantic, with every detail as to depth, etc., was useful to me and to others, and supplied food for many discussions. We see that we are passing over the submarine cable from St. Pierre to France, and the cable from St. Pierre to the United States.

One event at the close of an Atlantic voyage is the concert, with its collection, for the Seamen's Liverpool Orphanage. Programmes are printed in a copying-press, and sold by auction the evening before. When the night comes the saloon is crowded in every part, and all available talent is made use of. Captain Lindall sung at these concerts, and generally made a speech as well. The last time I heard him, he sang "Our Jack's come home to-day." There was a special verse written by a passenger after the gale we experienced. He sang it as the encore.

"Our Jack's at sea, still far away,
Drowned by the angry tide;
His orphaned children sorely wail
Their father and their pride.

As your eyes grow moist, you will not fail
To give your dole to-day;
For you know *you'll* soon reach port again,
Safe from the waves' wild play."

A few voyages later a sad thing happened. He had taken part in the concert as usual, and made one of his kindly speeches. About six the next morning the weather had become serious, and the sea had got up. A green sea of terrible dimensions swept over the upper deck of the *Vancouver*, bending great iron bars like wire, carrying nearly the whole bridge away, bulging in the saloon cabin, and completely clearing away the chart-house. On the bridge was the quartermaster (a superior sailor) steering, and one of the officers. Seeing the wave coming, the officer ran to one side and clung to the iron

stanchion. The bridge was swept away, and he was left where he was. The quartermaster was never seen again, and Captain Lindall also, who was sleeping in the chart-house, was swept into the Atlantic, never more to be found. Next day his mandolinata was found on deck, the only remnant of the awful occurrence. He was a general favourite, and his end produced a profound sensation.

Again we are out of sight of land, and passing from Newfoundland into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the afternoon the fog lifted a little, and we saw some desolate islands to the north of the Magdalen Isles. One called Bird Island bore a lighthouse, and we fired signals to show that we carried the mails. The lighthouse-keepers on this rocky island are more cut off from the world than those on islands near our coast. The navigation here during these prevailing fogs is very difficult. The lead was continually being heaved, and little specimens of the soil brought up by means of a glass tube with the lower end open.

At last the fog lifted, the sea became brilliant blue, and the sun shone out with full power upon us. So we sped along, and approached the Gaspé peninsula. High fir-clothed mountains rose from the water, and the clouds hung white and fleecy on their summits. French Canadian fishermen live in tiny white houses dotted on the level ground near the shore, or up some of the valleys which suddenly open like amphitheatres as we steam past.

Red-roofed, white-walled French houses dot the shore, and behind them the hills, clothed with fir

and spruce, and here and there clearings with farmsteads. Beyond the first range rise the higher Shickshock Mountains, some 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, with snow yet clinging to their sides.

Our captain had on board on one occasion a large party of English folk going to Rapid City, beyond Winnipeg. The conductor of the party had come over from that place, and was returning with these people. They were standing looking for the first sight of land, and at last the Gaspé peninsula was seen, its high land covered with snow. In "high falutin'" language the man from Rapid City cries: "Behold! the land flowing with milk and honey lieth before you." An American standing by, looking at the snow-covered mountains, said, "I guess it must be condensed milk, for it seems to stick there a good deal."

RIMOUSKI AT LAST.

At five in the afternoon, as we approached Farther Point, some 200 miles up the river, we fired three detonating signals. A little Canadian bird which came on board near Newfoundland was terribly frightened, and hopped about the deck close to us.

A steam-tug could be seen a mile or two away coming out from a jetty, upon which stood a locomotive and three cars. This was the train for Quebec and Montreal waiting for our mails, which it would carry up before us. We are twelve hours from Quebec, and twice that distance from Montreal, both by river. The little tug struggled out to us, battling with great waves which did not

move us at all. Then there came the throwing of ropes, and the gangway put across. Our mail-bags, which were put on board at Moville, were now carried on to the Canadian tug, which was flying up and down wildly, so that the sailors could scarcely get over the gangway. Great G. P. O. parcel baskets and some scores of mail and newspaper bags were piled up on the deck. Then three of our passengers went on board—Captain Ellis, in order to travel to Halifax, and two Montreal gentlemen, eager to be back quickly to business. Soon the tug with its oscillating beam was far in the distance, and we sat down to our last dinner.

After leaving Rimouski the journey is full of interest. Lumber ships lie off the different ports and villages, loading timber for Europe. We pass the watering-places of Canada. The Canadians are hundreds and sometimes thousands of miles from the sea-coast, and so they are content to go down to the "salt water." The tide comes up the St. Lawrence some 500 miles. The stream of the St. Lawrence is discoloured at one point by the brown waters of the great Saguenay entering from the north. Of this wonderful waterway we shall have more to write later on.

At last we approach Grosse Île, the Canadian quarantine station, and a steamer comes out to us with the quarantine doctor who is to see if all are vaccinated, and with hose for disinfecting the ship if it should be necessary. On the island are rows of white buildings for the accommodation of isolated passengers.

VACCINATION.

We see a good deal of the system of compulsory vaccination on these vessels. Every steerage passenger must be vaccinated on board by the ship's doctor if he has not recent marks on him. Cabin passengers are not supposed to be liable to small-pox—the law is not applied to them. In special cases, however, it is; *e.g.* if a contagious case is discovered on board during the voyage. Captain Davis of the *Toronto* found six of the crew suffering from what seemed to be small-pox. There were a number of ladies in the saloon, and he went to them and suggested that they and their children should at once be vaccinated. They were horrified, and asked the captain if he was going to be vaccinated also. So he bared his arm, and submitted at once to the doctor's knife, and then they all followed his example.

Another case was that of a druggist crossing over in the *Oregon* with his family. Vaccination day came, and he refused, and said he was an anti-vaccinationist; so the doctor passed him by, telling him that he would be returned to England if he was not done. They were getting up the St. Lawrence, and Captain Davis, then chief officer, was sent to tell him to pick out his own baggage, for he and his wife and children would be landed at the quarantine station. He was very wroth, and said that no one should make him land there, neither should they compel him to be vaccinated.

They came up the river to the quarantine station. The officials came on board. "Any infectious cases,

captain?" "No." "All vaccinated?" "There is one man in the intermediate who refuses to have his wife or family vaccinated, and won't be done himself." He was brought aft and interrogated. "You refuse to be vaccinated?" "Yes." "Do you know that you will be returned by next steamer?" "No; and I won't go." "Well, will you be vaccinated?" "Well, I suppose I must." So the party descended into the saloon, and all were properly done, and the quarantine doctor bade them good-bye. He was getting over the side, when he remembered his gloves were in the saloon, and ran down for them. The druggist was engaged in sucking the lymph out of his wife's arm; so the quarantine doctor did them all again, and they were not allowed to remove the matter this time. One cannot but admire the doggedness of this resistance. The poor emigrants suffer from their arms the most just when many of them are arriving at their destination. The secret of saloon passengers being exempted is that they are exempted in the United States, and all the saloon traffic was diverted to New York until they relaxed the restriction.

When the ocean liner, after eight to ten days' voyage, comes in the early morning up the side of the Isle of Orleans, with its exquisite green verdure and pretty French houses, one feels as if one never saw anything so lovely. But everything on land is lovelier after some days at sea. Montmorency Fall is then seen distinctly, a mile or two away, with its feathery spray—its clear drop of 250 feet. *La Vache* (the cow) it is called, from its

foamy whiteness, like whipped cream tumbling over the precipice.

But now in front of us is Quebec once more, and on the left bank Point Levis.

"Which side are we going to-day, captain?"

"I expect it will be the Point Levis side to-day, Mr. Boddy," is the answer.

The two main railway lines each have here depôts at the opposite sides, and the rule is for the vessels carrying passengers to go to each alternately. The steam tender of the *other* line carries its own passengers to its station across the river.

"Crack—bang" goes an ear-splitting cannon from the citadel. "Rip—bang" is the resonant answer from our vessel; and we dip our flag in salute.

We work up alongside the quay, and a babel commences as the foreign emigrants, with the help of interpreters, get their belongings out of the hold on to the wharf for the Grand Trunk Railway, or on to the tender for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The view of Quebec and the town opposite, at Point Levis, from the deck is very fine—the white houses and churches, the cliffs and citadel. It is very interesting to look round at the passengers and see their faces lit up with strange excitement, now that they have really reached the New World. One scarcely knows some of them, for they are now dressed up in their smartest clothes. "Say, Bill, did ye ever see a church walking about before?" says one of our humorists, as a Grand Trunk locomotive comes along to the depôt, its great bell solemnly ringing. A few of the passengers remained

on the steamer, to go on her up to Montreal. We made fast to the wharf at Point Levis, and a tender belonging to the great Canadian Pacific Railway had come alongside. Nearly all our emigrants were going to travel west by C.P.R., and their luggage was hauled up out of the hold with much rattling by the steam winch.

The Scandinavians and English crowded the tender, and we were soon steaming away waving our hats to the officers and saloon passengers. All steerage passengers must land at Quebec. Saloon passengers go on to Montreal without extra charge.

While we were beside the wharf, the S.P.C.K. chaplain for the immigrants at Quebec (the Rev. T. W. Fyles) came on board. Mrs. Heneker, of Sherbrooke, wanted a domestic servant. I was glad to recommend one of my charge in the intermediate, and Mr. Fyles saw her off in the train to the new place. There is a great demand for really good servants, and they are engaged very quickly on landing without going any further west.

CHAPTER IV

HISTORIC QUEBEC

BEFORE we set off on our journey to the Far West we must pause in the presence of a fragment of the Old World so full of interest, guarding the gate of the New. We leave our emigrant friends awhile, rejoining them in Chapter VI.

Crossing the river from Point Levis, we go over to the Canadian Pacific Railway Depôt, where we get a *calèche.*

"Your first time in Quebec, sir?" says the *cocher.*

"No, my friend; nor the second or third either." I persuaded him to lower his tariff somewhat, and we engaged him by the hour.

After business in various quarters, we thought it time to drive to an hotel, and so ordered him to go to the new hotel called the "Frontenac," up on the Dufferin Terrace, in a splendid situation. We passed in through the great gateway into the court-yard, and out rushed boys in buttons and welcomed us politely. Before I let them remove the baggage, I went in and saw the hotel clerk. "What is the lowest price for board and lodging per day?" "Four dollars apiece," he curtly replied (about

17*s.*). I returned to the *calèche*, and told the coachman to take us to a clean French boarding-house near the wharf. Here we paid *one* dollar a day. It was the house of Madame de la Pierre,

FRENCH 'CALÈCHE.'

20, Pierre Street, and I can strongly recommend it to those who can speak any French.

While we are resting under Madame de la Pierre's roof, let us remind ourselves of the early history of this Gibraltar of the West.

"Quel Bec! What a Beak! What a promontory!" cried Jacques Cartier's pilot in 1534, as they found themselves (after sailing 500 miles

and more up this great estuary) at last facing the noble Diamond Cape. Thus was given the name to the spot crowned now by the citadel of Quebec.

Sent out by France in the days when each great Power was seeking new lands beyond the oceans, Jacques Cartier, with his three tiny sixty-ton ships, entered this great river on the saint's day of the Martyr of Spain and gave it his name—the St. Lawrence.

An Indian village at the foot of the rock bore the name, in the Algonquin language, of

STADACONA,

in the Huron tongue Teontirili, both meaning "the narrowing of the stream." It is at Quebec three-quarters of a mile wide, though 500 miles from its mouth.

Cartier came over again in 1535 and 1541. Eight or ten weeks' voyage each time, and terrible were the sufferings through those first winters spent in Canada. Hundreds of the French *émigrés* died of scurvy through living on salt meat through all the weary months of snow and ice.

"Kanata" was the Indian name for the vicinity of Quebec. It meant "a gathering of huts." That name "Canada" has spread and spread until it now includes all the great Dominion even to Vancouver Island in the Pacific, 3,000 miles to the west.

When you stand in front of the magnificent Parliament Buildings, near the Grande Allée, just beyond the Ramparts (in Quebec's most fashionable

quarter), you see statues of great men in the niches of the front of that building. When you go through the town or look at the shops you see names which you feel sure must be those of men with mighty histories attached to them.

Let me transmit to the reader a few facts in connection with these names. Cartier, though the discoverer of Canada, was not successful as the planter of a colony. It was not until 1608, when Champlain arrived, that New France began to live. It was Henry IV. of France that dispatched Samuel de Champlain. He allied himself with the Algonquins and Hurons, and was thenceforth the object of the hatred of the Five Nations, who, banded together, were known as the Iroquois. He was the true founder of French Canada.

In later days the French monarch, anxious to have the colony more under his control, appointed a Sovereign Council to sit in Quebec, the principal personages to be the Governor-General, the Royal Intendant, and the Bishop. Each believed he was the real head, and each reported the misdoings of the others. The Intendant was chief of police, justice, finance, and marine, and had very great power.

The most notorious of the Intendants was Bigot. He taxed and plundered the poor *habitants*, chiefly to enrich himself. When the country people were starving he lived in luxury and wickedness—a reflection in Canada of the corrupt Court of his royal master in France.

His statue is not in a niche in front of Parliament House, but a golden dog may be seen by passers-by who look up at the Post Office Buildings.

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN DOG.

An honest merchant named Philibert was persecuted by the Intendant Bigot, and, unable to retaliate, he placed aloft as his trade-mark the

QUEBEC MARKET.

figure of a golden dog, with a French rhyme beneath, ending with the words, "The time will come, which has not yet arrived, when I shall bite, who have been bitten."

The Intendant quartered a number of troops on M. Philibert to annoy him further, and at last a boon companion of Bigot's, by name Monsieur de la Repentigny, provoked M. Philibert to a duel, and gave him a mortal wound. The brother of the dead merchant avenged him years after, having followed him even to Pondicherry in the East Indies, where he slew Repentigny.

ANOTHER STORY.

M. Bigot had as his country residence a beautiful château at the foot of the Laurentian Mountains. He was fond of sport, and in a hunting expedition lost his way. He met a young Algonquin squaw of singular beauty. She led him home to the château, and being induced to enter its walls never left them more.

A Mademoiselle Angélique des Meloises, of Quebec, who was to marry the Intendant, heard of this fair Algonquin at the château at Beaumanoir, and the Indian girl's fate was sealed. A piercing cry was heard echoing through those halls and corridors, and Caroline was found stabbed. Not long ago a gravestone with "C" carved on it could be seen in the churchyard at Beaumanoir. It was said that the unhappy Caroline was not of full Indian race, but that her father by marriage was an officer of high rank in the army of France.

CONQUEST BY ENGLAND.

Montcalm, a noble-minded man, had great difficulties in his way when defending Quebec in 1759 against the English. With a commissariat presided over by Bigot, with a corrupt Court in France, who cared nothing for the "15,000 leagues of snow," as they then described Canada in France, his work was wonderful.

Quebec had been taken by the English in the days of Champlain, and restored after twenty years, in 1628, under the Treaty of St. Germain. Twice since then efforts had been made by England, but disastrously, to seize Quebec (viz. in 1690 and 1711), and the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires commemorates those occasions.

In July, 1759, General Wolfe with General Monckton were landed with troops on what is now known as the Island of Orleans, a long narrow island dividing the St. Lawrence for some distance below Quebec. They represented but one of three English armies advancing from different points.

Wolfe was defeated with considerable loss in a battle with Montcalm's troops close by the Montmorency Falls, and Monckton at the same time was engaged in bombarding the town of Quebec from Port Louis across the river. Wolfe became ill through grief and disappointment at his disastrous defeat, and it was not until six weeks later that anything could be done.

On September 13 a feigned attack was made on the French on the banks of the St. Lawrence near Beauport, and the English fleet in the night

sailed up the St. Lawrence past the city some nine miles to Cap Rouge. Here 1500 picked men were floated down in the early morning on the ebb of the tide, and landed north of the town and scrambled up to the Heights of Abraham (so called after a boatman, Abraham Martin).

Montcalm, seven miles below Quebec, heard that the English were massed on the plateau to the north of the city, and marched to resist them. Montcalm and Wolfe both passed within a few hours of one another into the presence of the God of Battles. The stories of their respective ends are touching. One scarcely knows whether to admire most the defeated general or the successful commander.

MONTCALM.

The Marquis de Montcalm was about forty-seven years of age, and had had a brilliant career in the French army. His skill was shown in the position he took at Beauport, near the Montmorency Falls, and his defeat of the English Grenadiers with great loss. He was successful until the *ruse* of the English led to their unexpected appearance on the Heights of Abraham. In the encounter he was wounded by a musket-shot, but went on. Then he was struck by the one six-pounder gun which the English had dragged up on to the Heights.

As his wounds were being dressed he asked the surgeon if they were mortal. On being told that they were he said, "I am glad of it." He then

asked how long he should live? "Ten or twelve hours—perhaps less." "So much the better," he replied; "then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." On being pressed to give commands to his officers, he replied, "I will neither give orders nor interfere any further. I have much business that must be attended to, of far greater moment." He addressed himself, says the historian, to his religious duties, and passed the night with the Bishop and his own confessor. Before he died he paid the victorious army the magnanimous compliment: "Since it is my misfortune to be discomfited and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so brave an enemy. If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning with a third of the British troops."

He was buried, it was said, in the yard of the Ursuline Convent, and in a grave already made by the bursting of a bomb-shell during the bombardment.

WOLFE.

"*In death they were not divided.*" Major-General James Wolfe would be only thirty-two years old at the battle of Abraham Heights. With 4,826 men he defeated 7,520 of the enemy. The night before the engagement, as he was visiting the ships, he repeated to an officer on the boat the whole of Gray's *Elegy*, which was then scarcely known. He said, "I would rather have written that poem

URSULINE CONVENT.

than be the conqueror of Canada." These words were soon fulfilled—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that rank e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

During the battle on that September day he was wounded in the wrist, but went on, and placing himself at the head of the Grenadiers, advanced with them as they charged the French with bayonets. In this conspicuous position he received a ball in his breast. Other leading officers were killed or mortally wounded also.

"They run—they run!" exclaimed an officer who supported him as he lay in mortal agony. "Who run?" he eagerly cried. "The French," was the answer. "What," said he, "do they run already? Then I die happy." So he expired.

His remains were conveyed to England in the *Royal William*, and were borne with military honours to Westminster Abbey, where a beautiful monument commemorates his death. And there is this inscription—

> To the memory of
> JAMES WOLFE,
> Major-General and Commander-in-Chief
> of the British Land Forces,
> On an Expedition against Quebec,
> Who having surmounted,
> By ability and valour,
> All obstacles of art and nature,
> Was slain at the moment of Victory,
> On the 13th of September, 1759.
> The King and Parliament of Great Britain
> Dedicated this Monument.

MONTGOMERY.

Richard Montgomery was a commissioned officer in General Wolfe's army when Quebec was taken. In later days he left the British army and joined the American cause of Independence. In the effort to seize Canada he was invested with the command of the American forces. With 3,000 men, he and Arnold invested the citadel of Quebec. It was defended by 1800 British and Canadian militia. On the night of December 31, 1775, a determined attack was made, and at the foot of the citadel Montgomery was slain, with thirteen others, by the firing of a battery of nine-pounders. His body was found next morning under the snow. Some months later, on the arrival of reinforcements from England, the American troops retreated.

General Montgomery's body was eventually interred in St. Paul's Church, New York, and a magnificent monument erected by Congress is placed there to his memory.

THE FALLS OF THE MONTMORENCY.

Our *cocher* was very anxious to drive us to the Montmorency Falls, so after we had refreshed we set out. Bump, jolt, over the strange pavements, along the narrow French streets, and houses tall and short, and signs hanging across the foot-walks. Out into the green country, through toll-gate and over soft Canadian earthen roads, past pretty French villas with green blinds and shingled roofs, or roofs of brilliant tin. Through the endless

village of Beauport, with the St. Lawrence and Orleans Isle far below, till at last, after some seven miles or so, we slowly crossed the wooden bridge over the river Montmorency, and leaving the *calèche* paid our twenty-five cents for permission to approach the Falls.

By winding paths we sped down through fir trees, refusing the small boys' aid who wished to be engaged as guides. Now we are in full view of one of the most terrific of the world's cataracts. A clear leap of 250 feet! Higher than the citadel; higher than Niagara. Every ton of water seems to float down through the air, and to break into feathery, creamy spray ere it reaches the bottom. The clouds of spray hide the lower part from view. We clambered down more than 300 steep and rather dangerous wooden steps to see the Falls from the level of the water at the foot. To our amazement we found this almost impossible. Down the first 200 steps we descended all the time in some danger, because they are so terribly steep and smooth; but the lower steps descended into a hurricane of blinding spray, leaping out from the foot of the Falls a hundred yards distant in constant irresistible gusts. It was, indeed, like standing on the bridge of an Atlantic steamer in a blinding gale of rain and spray.

Nothing could be seen, and one had to turn one's back to this monsoon at last, and clamber up the slippery steps into a drier atmosphere. Another time I will take mackintosh and overalls. I was soaked with the wet. Panting, we painfully reached the top, and with the roar of the gigantic

LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

cataract dinning in our ears we looked forth on the beautiful scene. Away from the Falls, over the north channel of the St. Lawrence River (into which the Montmorency River flows), is the long Island of Bacchus, as the Îsle d'Orleans was first called, from the profusion of wild grapes growing in its underwood in Cartier's days. Beyond the island is the broad south channel, and the distant shore where the houses stretch away to Levis, opposite Quebec. Down below us is a four-storied mill turned by this mighty stream. Some say that after the plunge this river in great parts goes underground, and comes up at the end of the Island of Orleans in a sort of whirlpool, which the fishermen avoid.

Away up the broad St. Lawrence is the great citadel again; we see it everywhere. It is like Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, or like an Edinburgh Castle surrounded on three sides by miles of water; or, best of all, like Gibraltar. It is well likened to that mighty rock-hewn fortress guarding the gate of the Mediterranean. All the while hundreds of tons of broken, curdled water are swiftly dropping through the air in a hundred yards gravitation race. Follow one lump of water with the field-glasses from where we stand. As it drops it is disintegrated and becomes spray, circled and glorified, until at last it disappears into the tempest of mist driven out by the never-ceasing gales caused by the swiftly-descending water itself. Gales and gusts smite the surface of the water below into mad turbulence, and blow it away in great circling waves, and crown it with blasts of spray.

We found our way now round to the brink of the precipice beside the Falls. The Montmorency River, we were told, was very full, and it came down a steep descent over slabs of rock like natural steps; then it made the final plunge. Remains of a suspension bridge remind one of a tragedy. A French farmer and his wife and daughter were driving over in their *calèche* one Sunday morning when the whole structure collapsed, and they fell into the flood. The next moment they were over the great fall and perished swiftly. It is a very dangerous neighbourhood, and I have no doubt many a one has slipped either on those terrible stairs or on the verge of the Falls.

In winter-time the falling spray accumulates in a cone, ever increasing in height, until it forms a splendid slope for toboggan sleighing. Gay parties come out from Quebec, and a story is told of an officer and a lady, who on one of these sleighs were shooting down the cone, when the sleigh swerved off the track and disappeared through a hole in the ice on the river, and in a moment of merriment and laughter they vanished, and were never seen more.

We draw homewards, stopping to copy an inscription in French beneath a wayside pillar surmounted by a cross.

PAR VOTRE
SANG PRECIEUX
VOUS NOUS AVEZ RACHETES,
O JESUS.

As we approach Quebec the daylight dies away, and there springs out of the darkness the most dazzling, clear illumination any city can possess. The streets on the hill-side before us are picked out by luminous, planet-like electric lights. Montmorency supplies the power which lights all Quebec indoors and out with a calm, steady, unflinching light. Water turned into flame!

Madame Pierre's daughter kindly supplies us with some supper, although that meal is over. It is a lovely night. Let us go out again.

Pay three cents (half-pennies) and go with me on board one of the ferry steamers which all night and all day ply across the St. Lawrence. Quebec on this side with 63,000 inhabitants, and Point Levis on the other with 12,000.

We sit on the deck. The sun has just set. Before we leave, we lean back and crane our necks to look up at the great new Frontenac Hotel, built in the style of a French château, high up on the Dufferin Terrace. To the left, still higher up, is the great Citadel with its guns. Old French houses all round the wharf. The whistle booms, the ropes are cast off; Quebec is all dark, the sunlight being behind. Point Levis is lit up with the reflection from the western sky, and the windows of the buildings are blazing as if a furnace roared within.

As we steam out into the St. Lawrence, we look over the dark waters to the spot where the sun descended. Ragged clouds are stretched in shreds across the sky, and the old-world Laurentian mountains, dark and grim, are silhouetted against the

amber light behind. To-morrow we are to journey far behind those mountains to the north.

We are across the river now, and looking back over the chopping waves we see them all dark and yet glistening with glory from the sky. Quebec, a black outline; and yet now here, there, and everywhere, wondrous luminous stars spring into being —the electric lights from the highest point right down to the water's edge.

CHAPTER V

LAKE ST. JOHN AND THE SAGUENAY

FOR those who can spare even a week in Quebec Province, there is now opened out a new and delightful excursion to a district but little known —200 miles due north from the old city.

In a few years the Lac St. Jean will be well known on this western continent, and this railway journey will often be taken in order to descend the Canadian Styx in a comfortable steamboat of the Richelieu Company, whose name is the name of the river itself—the *Saguenay.*

Thousands of visitors every year skirt the broad expanse of Lake Superior and the other fresh-water oceans of North America. Comparatively few have, however, visited Lac St. Jean (Lake St. John) in the wilder districts, nearly 200 miles north of the city of Quebec.

A COLONY OF TRAPPIST FATHERS,

with their rules of perpetual silence, and their Friday chastisements, were expelled from France in 1880. In 1892 we find them securely established on the Mistassini River, some twenty miles

from the great lake. I understand that they obtained from the (practically) Roman Catholic Government of Quebec Province an enormous grant of land in the vicinity of the lake, and now that the railway is established (also by Government mainly) this land will in their hands increase steadily in value, and the French Roman Catholic colonists will flock to live on it, because of the sanctity of these "silent monks of Oka." The Trappists never speak to each other except to utter the warning "Memento mori" ("Remember death"); but they have foremen and managers, and they obey their orders. The Roman Catholic Church is stronger in this province than in Italy itself. The people are most "religious" in their way. Any one who is not a Roman Catholic would find it trying to live here, save under favourable circumstances, though I have heard of a colony of North Irish Protestants some distance north of Quebec city.

Great credit is due to these French Canadians for opening out this new land to the north of Quebec. It was found that the younger people were beginning to emigrate to the States, because the land around them was taken up.

Then a vigorous move was made to open the country around Lake St. John in the form of Roman Catholic parishes generally circling round a rude log chapel, which, as the colony became able, was replaced by a more substantial structure. The Church is the rallying-point, the centre of attraction—a truly beautiful idea. The French Canadian appreciates religious surroundings and influences.

Owing to the heavy train, we went very slowly up the grades which led us into the Laurentian Mountains, and we were at least an hour late. It is a serpentine line, winding around the bases of fir-covered mountains, and along the sides of rushing trout streams and endless lakes. It reminded me of the journey across Sweden from Gothenburg to Stockholm. It might well be called the "Railway of the Thousand Lakes."

We were to have had lunch about one at Lake Edward, but it was nearer three when we pulled up at that station (we had left Quebec at eight a.m.). The "magnificent dining-room, capable of seating one hundred guests," turned out to be a sort of plank shanty near the small station. The lunch, at fifty cents, was fairly good, and we had some of the fresh fish from the lake. Three gigantic trout lay on a table under the verandah—to show us what could be caught. They were at least six pounds weight each. A paper pinned above said, "These 'infants' were caught in Lake Edward. What must the full-grown fish be!"

Some of our fellow-travellers, who hailed from New York, left the cars here for a week or two's fishing on these waters, and as we bowled away we saw them sailing across the lake with a guide. They were fully determined to catch big trout.

I found the country people here unable to read. I offered both French texts and a French Testament to a *habitant* ploughing beside the railway among the stumps. He could make nothing of either.

This wild neighbourhood is a

PARADISE FOR FISHERMEN

from the States. There are several clubs. At Lake Edward (also called the Lac des Grandes Îles) is one of these clubs—the "Paradise Fin and Feather Club." At Lake Kis-kisink we saw the summer head-quarters of the Metabetchouan Fishing and Game Club, in which are quite a number of New England millionaires. There must be more than half-a-dozen of such clubs on this long line. The members can travel through from their homes in a little more than three days. The American likes to live luxuriously, while the English sportsman is more willing to rough it in camp. An officer with whom I talked had, within one twelvemonth, served with the Stewart column in Upper Egypt in the attempted relief of Khartoum, and also in the Riel Rebellion business on the Red River, with the thermometer a score of degrees below zero. He said, "I always go under canvas when I fish or shoot here, and my wife often goes with me. Roughing it is half the sport; but the New Yorkers want all their luxuries within arm's length."

These American club-houses are practically hotels, with every comfort, and on the lake floats the steam launch, ready to take in tow the fishing party in their boats some eight or ten miles to their destination, and come again for them in the evening to be back in time for dinner.

Lac Bouchette gave us one of the beautiful views on this long day's ride. It lay extended below us, stretching far away to the left, imbedded in fir-

clothed hills which raised their verdant domes on all sides. A saw-mill, surrounded by plank houses, gave life to the picture.

These French Canadians have generally

ENORMOUS FAMILIES.

Government gives one hundred acres to any one who has twelve children. As we pass many a log hut or plank house, we see through the door the families in regular steps and stages, from the babe in arms up to the boy or girl of thirteen or fourteen. These French people in Canada are a most prolific race.

They are most certainly, and not very slowly, driving the English out of the province of Quebec, away to the West. In this province, out of a total population of 1,400,000, above 1,000,000 are Roman Catholics, the majority of whom very generally use the French language. They marry young, and though in France the people are said to be shrinking in numbers, here they increase mightily, and live on very little.

They are our fellow-citizens in our British Empire. The Queen rules over a smaller France. They are content to remain under her rule so long as they have their own old laws, and are not interfered with; and so long as the Roman Church is upheld in its prestige, and exempt from all rates and taxes. Cassocked priests are everywhere. The village *curé* is an object in nearly every scene and on the platform of every roadside station.

WE APPROACH THE GREAT LAKE.

At last, after many hours in the cars, we arrived at Lake St. John. Sea-like, its wide-spread plain of water reaches to the very horizon. In the

OLD FRENCH HOUSE.

distance is Roberval, with its luxurious hotel, and between us and it the celebrated Ouatchouan Falls (pronounced "watch-one," or very nearly so). Eighteen miles across by one of the little steamers is the Grande Discharge, with another smaller hotel,

the resort of those who come to fish. These waters are famed as being the home of the Ouananiche (pronounced Wananish), the fresh-water salmon: a most lively fish when once hooked, jumping high out of the water four or five feet again and again, and sometimes by rare chance jumping right into the angler's birch-bark canoe. Tempestuous somersaults, tremendous leaps, fiery struggles, amazing and obstinate strength, such are the expressions of an American writer, finishing with this sentence: "His vigorous contentions are astounding, while at every leap into the air he turns a complete somersault, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger."

This neighbourhood is still more truly the

"HOME OF THE MONTAGNAIS."

These dark-skinned handsome Indians have their Reservation at Pointe Bleu—some three miles beyond the Roberval Hotel. They are excellent guides to the forest and to big game.

The late Bishop Williams of Quebec had reported to him the statement that there were Church of England Indians also at Lake St. John, and he found it true. These Mistassini Indians had been baptized at Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay. These Indians at Lake St. John have a church of their own. A special missionary, the Rev. H. C. Stuart, of Three Rivers, visits them once a month.

They have often hard lives. They hunt and trap in winter in the woods lying between this lake and Hudson's Bay, and the furs they collect are

exchanged by them with the factors of Hudson's Bay for the ordinary necessaries of life. The squaws like bright colours, and wear a head-dress remarkably like that I have seen the Lapps of the Arctic Circle wear—a square padded "tuque" of red stripes and black, each stripe piped in blue. Here on the lake in summer they act as guides, or with dexterous hands build

THE BIRCH-BARK CANOES

which float here and on Saguenay—lovely light-floating canoes, in which you must kneel on a cushion, and enter and leave warily. The slightest awkwardness will cause a hole in the bottom or an upset.

An excellent idea of the size of the lake is obtained from the railway line skirting one-third of its circumference. Such a

GORGEOUS SUNSET

as one rarely beholds lit up the lake as we journeyed along the line. The water of the lake became blood, and the sky around the setting sun glowed like a furnace. Clouds were glorified, and far into the zenith they were tipped with magenta edges at the side nearest the sun. Down went the crimson sun slowly behind Hotel Roberval, and strips of cloud became half-violet and half-ruby, reflecting this light. All England was in darkness. The sun sets about eight, and at home it would be about midnight—four hours different.

At the eastern side of the lake the waters overflow through the Little Discharge and the Grand Discharge in rushing, whirling, seething eddies, and down these the Indians will take one in a light canoe. Nothing but a sheet of bark between you and eternity. The divided streams unite at the foot of Alma Island at the Vache Caille.

Seventy miles, mostly of rapids, with excitements the whole time, including the Gervais Rapids and the Grand Remous, a most turbulent cascade and eddy, and then the Saguenay settles down still and deep and solemn to run the other seventy miles to the St. Lawrence. These Indians are the "Mountaineers of the Laurentian Hills," as well as the skilful pilots of the rivers. Here the men mostly dress in trousers and jacket and soft felt like Canadians, but the women wear bright colours and dress their hair oddly.

At Chicoutimi I asked the *cocher* to take us, not to the best hotel, but to a clean, respectable boarding-house. We had no reason to regret getting to

THE PENSION OF MADAME VEUVE OCT. TREMBLAY,

and soon were ready to rest between the snow-white sheets. I turned down the lamp and leant out of the dormer window. It was dark, the moon had gone, but I think I never saw so many stars. I didn't know there were so many, and they were reflected again in the broad, smooth, swift stream of the river Saguenay below. We were some

seventy miles from its mouth, and about seventy from its commencement, where the overflow of the inland sea (St. John) rushes out by the Grande Discharge. It is named by the Indians Pitchitanichetz. I leant out, and filled my lungs with the fresh, sweet, cold air. Across the river, in the starlight, I could see the dark, fir-clad hills beyond. Down below me on this side, a few lights in Chicoutimi, and the lamps still lit in railway cars in which we had travelled. They stood on the line by the water's edge.

"Jim, get up and look at the Northern Lights," I said.

There, across the dark river and above the fir-clad bank and over some dark clouds, the great search-lights of the Arctic region were shooting moving electric bands athwart the sky. They radiated out from the north, growing bright and growing dim, always changing and shifting, and the river below reflected it all.

First thing in the morning I was at the window again. Now, the daylight made it all real, and lit up the numberless French houses and the village of the Bonne Ste. Anne across the water, and its church, with the gold-tipped spire, ringing sweetly for matins, its bell echoing over the water.

Everything around thoroughly French-Canadian. Within a few yards the Roman cathedral and a convent. The bells ring first for early mass about five in the morning. The Bishop (R.C.) of Chicoutimi, Mgr. Le Brecque, also lives here, and there is a seminary for the diocese. A Presbyterian minister (Mr. Steele) has fifteen Scotch families

under his charge. A great timber establishment here is owned by Senator Price, the King of the Saguenay ; he employs most of the people. A new Roman church has been built for the people living near these saw-mills. It is built on the site of the little chapel erected in 1670 by the Jesuits, who came in those early days to convert the Indian. When the workmen, in 1892, were digging for foundations for the new building they found an Indian coffin, and in it, beside the remains, were many curious relics—an arrowhead, teeth of bears and of beavers, the point of a sword, etc.

CHICOUTIMI

has about 3,000 inhabitants. Several little shops are supplied by the steamers from Montreal and Quebec. There is a hotel (Hotel Martin) and a *pension*, where we were very comfortable. It is kept by Dame Veuve (*Widow*) Oct. Tremblay. Madame Tremblay is a fluent bi-linguist, though her mother knows only French. The former did the cooking, and the latter waited at table. One dollar a day for a bed and board is very cheap on this continent. I have no doubt if any one stayed a little time her price would be still less. Our food was good and plentiful. About five in the morning the older Madame went out with her can, and called affectionately to the cow over in the field, and soon the "spurt-spurt" on the sounding bottom of the tin told one through the open windows that while we were in bed preparations were going forward for our breakfast.

Through the sunny day we climbed the hills and made the acquaintance of the waterfalls.

IN THE WARM GLOAMING

we sat beneath the verandah, as do all the Chicoutimœans, and talked of things great and interesting until bedtime, and retired to enjoy refreshing sleep, and the swamp frogs (the Canadian Nightingales) chirped and babbled in lullaby. Prison and telephone, exchange and cathedral, has this village-town of Chicoutimi, with its 3,000 inhabitants. In a few days it was to have a train every day, instead of three times a week.

The Chicoutimi River, running here into the Saguenay, gives its name to the town. It comes down steep rapids—a long waterfall in truth for many miles—its brown waters churned into foam as it leaps from rock to rock, whilst clouds of spray and mist make rainbows in the bright sunshine. My brother-in-law and I clambered up on the railway track, and after a mile or more struck into the bush and crossed a respectably high mountain, and then diagonally over the country towards the roar of a gigantic cataract. Scrambling, climbing, slipping, fighting with thick brushwood and undergrowth, our progression was slow. I got hot in body and temper though I tried to keep cool, but the branches scratched my face, and those nasty flies—Eugh! On the summit of one height we had a

NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN VIEW.

We sat on a slab of rock and the ants ran round,

and the flies, getting new life with the summer heat, bit us and walked over us. But in the clear air we could see blue mountains in the far distance bounding our view, and nearer to us and yet a mile or two away, the farther bank of the smooth Saguenay with the little white houses scattered here and there, and Chicoutimi nearer still, with its cathedral church and wooden residences and saw-mills and piles of timber, whilst to the right a peep of the falls could be seen, and the never-ceasing roar of its water-floods came across to us.

AN INDIAN STORY.

Up the Chicoutimi River there is a portage called the "Portage de l'Enfant." This is the Indian origin. "A mother placed her babe in a birch-bark canoe to be rocked by the waves, and tied the canoe to the tree. How it broke loose in her absence no one knows, but it did, and babe and canoe were soon speeding swiftly towards a fifty-feet descent, where the water fell almost perpendicularly. How the little one escaped was miraculous—but both canoe and babe passed over unhurt. I wonder what sort of a man that red-skin babe became! So these falls have ever been thus known, and as the Indians and voyageurs carry past their canoes and baggage they recite to one another this strange story."

DOWN THE PITCHITANICHETZ.

The steamer can only get up at high water, which here, although some 400 miles from the

ocean, makes a great difference. She can come for an hour or two before high tide, and stay an hour or two after. Then she may have a good deal of freight to land and also to take on board. This may take an hour and a half, or she may be off in a few minutes and leave you behind. The best guide is the loud whistle which she blows as she comes up near the town.

In expectation of my early departure I did not sleep much, and at 3.45 a.m. I jumped out of bed, and, looking out of my dormer window on to the Saguenay, found the river blotted out by the feathery mist filling its valley. Whilst I was dressing, the river mist lifted and drove along the current in white fleecy clouds, and by five o'clock all was clear. At the quay I found an expectant array of *calèches*, whose drivers were hoping to get a fare apiece from visitors arriving by the steamer. They were doomed to disappointment, as the season had not set in yet.

A white horse, twenty head of cattle, and a dozen sheep were some of my fellow-passengers, but they were on the lower deck, whilst I had a comfortable cabin, with large window, on the higher deck. A waving of adieux took place. J. and I knew not when or where we might meet again, and the white handkerchiefs became smaller and tinier till nothing could be distinguished. Chicoutimi Cathedral and great red monastic buildings, and the many houses scattered over the verdant hills, also diminished and sank as we passed away along the Saguenay River on the steamer *Saguenay*.

E

Professor Roberts says: "The Saguenay can hardly be called a river. It is rather a stupendous chasm from one to two miles in width, doubtless of earthquake origin, cleft for sixty-five miles through the high Laurentian plateau. Its walls are an almost unbroken line of naked cliffs of syenite and gneiss. Its depth is many hundred feet greater than that of the St. Lawrence; indeed, if the St. Lawrence drained dry, all the fleets of the world might float in

THE ABYSS OF THE SAGUENAY,

and yet find anchorage only in a few places." It is strange to find the bar of a river seventy miles up from the mouth. We found a Government dredger hard at work deepening the bar a few miles below Chicoutimi. Here, no doubt, the volcanic chasm begins and the normal bed of the river ends. There can be no bar on a river so far as it is 2000 feet deep.

This strange river is the picture of solitude. Even to-day, with a brilliant June sun, and lovely sky dappled with cloudlets, we pass for miles and scores of miles and see no sign of animal or human life. Not a bird, not even a sea-gull; not a shanty perched high on the cliffs a thousand feet high. The water is the colour of thin bog water, and owing to its depth it seems at first as black as tar. As it is churned by our paddles or driven back from the bows it is like diluted porter or like brandy. It receives its colour from the inland rivers which pass through swamps filled with

moss and other highly-coloured roots and vegetable matter.

Billions, trillions, quadrillions of fir trees, close together, cover every yard of the cliffs, and are perched far up in the air on the dizzy summits. Here and there the hard rock juts out uncovered, and sometimes it is rent from crest to base and a watercourse is formed. Ha! Ha! Bay is a long estuary running out on the south side of the Saguenay, so like the river that the first explorers sailed along it by mistake, thinking it was the main channel. When they found themselves mistaken, it is said they had a good laugh, and the memory of their mirth caused them to name the inlet (some seven miles long) Ha! Ha! Bay. About nine o'clock we passed close in to Cape Trinity, and then passed

CAPE ETERNITY.

These two capes are about 2000 feet from the water's edge, it is said, and the water beneath is nearly the same depth.

After about six hours' run down this mammoth ship-canal, the Saguenay, we turned aside past a little rocky islet into a fiord-like bay where a few French Canadian folk had their wooden houses, and carried on fishing and some agriculture. It was called St. Jean. It might have been in Norway.

There was a quay, and we landed and walked about under the great cliffs, but there did not seem to be a house where one could stay with any comfort, though it is in the heart of this solemn

scenery, an amphitheatre of mountainous rock. The remainder of the voyage was through wondrous scenes, as we passed St. Louis Island, and rounded Point Crepe into St. Etienne Bay, where some sailing vessels were lying moored to iron rings in the cliffs, as no anchor could be let down 1000 feet, and so on until we approached the mouth. Two rocky promontories guard the exit as the dark waters of the Saguenay pass into the lighter-coloured St. Lawrence, the Pointe aux Bouleaux on our right, and the Pointe aux Vaches on the left. The latter (" Cow Cape ") was so called after the numbers of the sea-cow which in the earlier days swarmed here and were hunted by the Basques. Now, as then, large schools of snorting grampus often disport themselves upon the surface of the water.

Tadousac, a small watering-place, favoured a good deal by Lord Dufferin in the days when he was Viceroy, lies at the mouth of the Saguenay. We turned sharply out of the river into a little rocky bay, whose clean cliffs seemed as if ever washed and scoured by the sea water, and during the hour that the steamer remained I walked with two French Canadian fellow-passengers about a mile to see the old Jesuit church. Here landed Jacques Cartier in 1535, and here in 1639 came the Jesuit fathers and began a mission, and erected, it is said, the first church on the American continent. What amazement would possess some of these discoverers of three and four centuries ago if they could re-appear and see the great palace steamers and the electric light at Quebec, ground out by the

rushing waters of Montmorency, and the telephone and the electric cars, and swift-speeding train with parlour and sleeping cars!

We went into the Government hatchery—one of about fifteen, I understand, in the Dominion. In running fresh water the spawn had been carefully looked after for six months, and in these long troughs were six million tiny salmon about half the size of a steel pen! In cans they are carefully conveyed to the head waters of the scores of different rivers, and there placed with much care in those streams. Where a few years ago scarcely a salmon was to be found in some rivers, now hundreds are caught each season.

Before us now stretches the great St. Lawrence, like another inland sea; on it several watering-places, which we call at on our journey of more than a hundred miles up to Quebec. The Canadians lament their distance from the real sea. They have to be content with riverside resorts, as the seaside is often more than 500 miles away. They speak, as I have said before, of going down to the salt water—for of course the tide is here, and Tadousac, Cacouna, Rivière de Loup, and Murray Bay are the resort of the people of Montreal, Quebec, and the country round, in the hot weather.

But now we leave behind the wondrous Saguenay, and through the darkness our steamer speeds up the great St. Lawrence to Quebec once more.

CHAPTER VI

THE MANITOBA MAIL

WE continue our journey now with our emigrant party. The visit to the sights of Quebec and to Lake St. John can of course only be taken when the traveller has a few days to spare.

The advantage of travelling in a large vessel like the *Vancouver* is, that a special train is made up within an hour or two of arrival, and all are forwarded on to the Montreal Junction, where they are attached that evening to the Trans-Continental Mail. The scene at the C.P.R. Depôt (railway station) is exciting, and to some very bewildering. The baggage of the emigrants is placed in the huge baggage-cars, with the exception of the small articles, which they take with them. I advise those who are going long distances to get out of their boxes all they need for the journey, and "check" the large things. You pay a small sum, and in exchange you receive a small brass check, like this—

CAN. PAC. RY.
EASTERN DIVISION.
6223.
LOCAL.

You say where your luggage is to go to, and when you arrive it is there, and delivered to you on presenting the check. There is at the Quebec Station (Louise Basin) a refreshment room, where provisions can be obtained for the long journey—jars of marmalade, sausages, loaves of bread, potted and tinned meats of all kinds, milk, etc., while a notice is put up—

A SQUARE MEAL
FOR
25 CENTS.

THE EMIGRANTS' FIRST RIDE IN THE NEW COUNTRY.

It is some hours before we are ready to start. At last the warning bell of the locomotive is heard as we move, and, after provoking stoppages, we pass away from the streets of Lower Quebec behind the citadel, and are rattling at a very great rate (forty-five miles an hour occasionally) through a green country and fir forests. We are a long train of ten cars in all, and as we speed along, we leave a lingering track of smoke behind. An official said to our engine-driver before starting, "Now, Jack, you've got the road, don't get mouldy." There is much eagerness as passengers look at the new land. They see a horse and a bullock yoked in the plough; milking going on in another field. We stop at a little picturesque

French village, and chaff goes on between the emigrants and the French folk.

We travel parallel to the great St. Lawrence River, but at some distance, obtaining only occasional glimpses. Suddenly the cry went up, "The *Vancouver!*" There was the grand vessel which had mounted the Atlantic rollers, now making her way up the broad St. Lawrence, and travelling smoothly, and in a dignified fashion. She will be in Montreal to-morrow morning.

The conductor of the train gave me these statistics—

1 engine, 9 large cars, 360 passengers.

Destinations.	
U.S.A., *viâ* S. Ste. Marie	136
„ „ Winnipeg	52
„ „ Vancouver	20
Total U.S.A.	208
For Winnipeg and N.W.	105
„ British Columbia	10
„ Port Arthur	14
„ Montreal	23
	152

A MEAL BY THE WAY.

Every few hours the emigrant train comes to a refreshment station. Such a one is the Three Rivers, a pretty French town of 10,000 population, half-way between Quebec and Montreal. The long train pulled up, and nearly every one turned out. For ten cents (5*d.*) we got a large

cup of tea or coffee, and a plate of bread-and-butter. Then we had a chat on the platform, and examined the engine.

THE CANADIAN NIGHTINGALE.

As evening twilight deepened, we stayed by a swamp and heard the voice of the "Canadian nightingale," viz. the "swamp frog!" This is too familiar a sound in summer-time, and brings sleepless nights to those who live at the water's edge, where the frogs sing in hundreds. The fireflies here are most beautiful; they float in the air in scores together, and are most brilliant; we watch them from the end of the car, and breathe the cold, sweet air.

THE EMIGRANT TRAIN BY NIGHT.

I walked along the lamp-lit cars about ten p.m. to look for some of my Y.M.C.A. friends, in order that we might sing a hymn and have prayer together before turning in. I had to walk through seven cars of sleeping people; some cars all English, others with long-legged Scandinavians lying across the floor; children curled up on seats or bundles, and some up in the bunks provided by the Company, while the train went rattling on.

We had a little gathering before all turned in, and from a colonists' car went up our hymn and petition—"Of Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the sake of Thine only SON, our Saviour JESUS CHRIST."

And so the long train of cars rushed along through the night, and the same GOD Who watched over us on the broad Atlantic was with us still.

HOW WE SLEPT ON THE CARS.

About ten every one has turned in, or is getting ready. Many have mattresses. They lay them across the seats, which pull out and join one another; others let down a great hinged shelf, which forms a bunk. I chose one of these upper berths, and arranged my rugs and blew up my air-pillow. It was difficult to get to sleep, and I lay reading a book for a couple of hours. I slept more or less from twelve to six a.m., and then got up. Soon every one was washing and getting into trim order for the day.

THROUGH ONTARIO.

Rocks and lakes and fir trees. The lads of the party cluster on the platforms at the ends of the cars to watch the scenes flashing past. People are forbidden to ride on the platform, but the Company do not interfere, leaving the risk to passengers. We came through Canada's political capital, Ottawa city, during the night. It was too dark to see the fine view of the Houses of Parliament and the Chaudière Falls. Each province has Home Rule, and the United Parliament meets at Ottawa. At 1.55 on Tuesday we were five hours behind-hand, owing to the great length and weight of the train. We stop at North Bay, on Lake Nipissing,

a great sheet of water. Its further shores, with fir-covered banks, are ten miles away; it is forty miles long. Here the train had to be divided, to enable us to keep up speed.

MEALS ON THE CARS.

Most of the emigrants provide themselves with loaves of bread, tinned meats, bananas, apples, or oranges. We take our meals in picnic fashion, penknives and fingers. Drinking-water is always found at one end of the car, but a private drinking-can is much needed. Those who wish to make tea can obtain hot water in the dining-car free.

As to those luxurious hotels on wheels, they are attached to the train first thing in the morning and travel during the day. The waiting staff of the dining-car consists of two cooks, three waiters, one pantry-man, one conductor. A meal, whether breakfast, dinner, or lunch, is seventy-five cents (about 3*s.*). The cooking goes on while we are travelling at full speed, and the meal is served hot. You sit on comfortable broad seats, at firmly-fixed tables, and the car is beautifully hung on springs, so that you feel but little motion. The large plate-glass windows give one a complete view of the passing scenery, and an hour passes by agreeably when you have pleasant companions.

A COLD NIGHT ON THE TRAIN.

Our second night on the cars was marked by a keen frost, which we all felt intensely; icicles

three inches long hung from the windows outside. On stopping at White River, we rushed up and down the wooden platform to produce circulation. Our car is provided with double windows to resist the frost, but we did not expect it, and left all the ventilators open. We all longed for some hot tea, but it could not be had at five o'clock in the morning. More than two hours after sunrise the thermometer stood at thirty-five degrees.

AN OBJIBBEWAY ENCAMPMENT.

About seven a.m. on our second day we pass a large encampment of Indians. On both sides of the line, in a small opening in the fir forest, and on the banks of a beautiful lake, were ten wigwams. These tents were made of sheets of birch bark, like the tents of the Samoyedes, but less graceful. Some of the Indians were engaged in building canoes, some out on the lake fishing. The chief, radiant in a brilliant head-dress, returned our salute from the platform of the car. The squaws and boys took a great interest in the train as we slowly passed them, while a papoose could be seen strapped up like a chrysalis.

AN INLAND OCEAN.

At 8.15 a.m. on Wednesday morning (our second day), we had our first view of Lake Superior, as we skirted Peninsula Bay. Vast sheets of water stretching to the horizon, calm and placid in the sunshine. We follow the shore of the lake, more

or less closely, for sixty miles, with constantly changing views. Sometimes we travel on the edge of a rocky precipice, sometimes cross a valley on a lofty trestle-bridge, occasionally plunge into a short tunnel, pierced through a promontory.

There is the boundless expanse of lake, whose further shores are completely out of sight, in every respect like the sea, except that the water is fresh.

SKIRTING THE GREAT LAKE.

Jack-fish Bay, on Lake Superior's northern shores, contains one of the most astounding sections of this wonderful railway. Though the Rocky Mountains are more bewilderingly grand, the rugged ferocity of this part of the line to Winnipeg is quite satisfying in its effect on the nerves.

Winter snow lies on the shores, and the bays are occasionally frozen over. White osprey wheel about the fir-clothed islets. Glints of sunshine play on the lake, and rugged bands of cloud are piled along the horizon line, and clouds of steam occasionally narrow down the view as we dart along near the water's edge or climb up to dizzy heights above and wheel round curling wooden trestle-bridges. The sun shines in at one window, and then in at the opposite. We dive into short tunnels, pant along up grades, crawl over ravines, race along rocky cuttings, dodge round the backs of promontories, and re-appear at the edge of the sea.

We can see our line across this arm of the sea a mile away, but we travel five or six miles round

to the head of the water, which intrudes far up into the rocky interior, and then we journey down the other side. The wondrous sinuosities as we wind round these great inlets surprise one into exclamations.

PORT ARTHUR AND FORT WILLIAM

We have come to the beginning of the West—the gate of the West, as the inhabitants like to call it. On the second day from Montreal and the third day from Quebec, we pull up at the first real station, the first *town* after scudding through forests and past lakes and rivers. It is about sixteen o'clock.

Port Arthur and Fort William and Fort William West are three towns, but practically united, being only a mile or two apart.

Port Arthur is at the north of the great Lake Superior, and here the grain from the north-west is stored in great elevators. Here is a mammoth grain elevator, belonging to the C.P.R. It receives 1,350,000 bushels at one time, and by machinery inside the grain is always being moved, so that it can never sprout or ferment. The grain is brought here from Manitoba, etc., and shipped from here to the United States and elsewhere.

Mackay Mountain dominates the neighbourhood, a dark mass of granite, shaped like Table Rock, perhaps 700 feet high are its cliffs. We put our watches back to Central time, an hour earlier than the Montreal time.

SIR GARNET'S BOATS.

After supper at Savanne, we rolled away for a twenty hours' run to Winnipeg. Just beyond the station we saw the barges used in the expedition against Riel, now rotting on the banks of a small river. It was interesting to hear of those times from men on the cars who had served in the Rebellion.

Mrs. Grant, the manageress of the refreshment room, offered ten dollars a month and board and lodging to any member of my party who could milk a cow and make himself generally useful.

When we had steamed away from the station, one of the youths thought he would like the place, so we sent him back from Ignace by a freight train.

Before he left we had a farewell service on the train. We gathered together as we had done each evening for prayer and praise. I spoke a few farewell words to those who had been my fellow-travellers for so long a distance, and endeavoured in my last words to give earnestly a few last words of advice, for they had had many during our gatherings and services on the voyage. We sang our last hymn; had our last prayer; for on the next morning we all should separate to meet no more. Some passengers joined us most reverently in our service, and shook my hand warmly after. I was very pleased to have the conductor with us. He took off his official cap and sang most earnestly. I asked all to accept the hymn-books we had used as a memento of that farewell gathering.

In the very early hours of the morning we crossed the River Winnipeg as it runs out of the Lake of the Woods. I must ask the reader to alight with me and to spend a Sunday here, as I did on another journey.

PORTAGE LE RAT.

A curious name—Rat Portage; but we have many curious names in the West. It is the name of a town at the extremity of the picturesque Lake of the Woods, said to have been the resort of an immense number of musk-rats at some time. I sent a message from Whitewood Station—

Telegram.

"From Rev. A. A. Boddy. To Rev. A. L. Fortin, Rat Portage.

"Will help on Sunday. Meet train if accepting."

At a quarter to twelve on Saturday night, with my baggage, I left the trans-continental express and found myself welcomed to Rat Portage, and driven off through the darkness to comfortable quarters. I slept in a genuine bed, and awoke on Whit-Sunday morning to see the loveliness of the Lake of the Woods, and its many islands. Inclement weather, however, slight snowstorms from time to time, and in the evening we found ourselves back in mid-winter, everything white under a garment of snow.

That Whit-Sunday was a most enjoyable day. As we were about to enter the church for morning

service, we paused to appreciate the view. We were near the summit of the hill above the town, and far below that lay the waters of the lake, with its islands. The lake is about one hundred miles in length, but comparatively little of it is seen at once owing to the islands.

The service was most reverently conducted and hearty; the hymns too brisk for congregational singing; this is sad, but the organist cannot see it. He is a good fellow in other respects. The wife of the previous rector was burnt to death in the church by the fall of a paraffin lamp during service. A memorial window has been placed in the church to her memory.

Across the lake to Keewatin in a small steamer for the afternoon service. We took the choir and organist with us. We sailed away through the cold wind round rocky points, and near great saw-mills and piles of sawdust and chips for ever burning, the smoke sweeping across the water.

We held our service in a Presbyterian church, kindly lent to us. We waited till their Sunday School was over, and then we began. I was pleased to see so many young men, and I endeavoured to speak straight to them.

What a walk home from Keewatin! The steamboat could not sail for two hours, and we walked along the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

So for miles, through cuttings and tunnel, over two high bridges with open trestle-work. We stepped dizzily from beam to beam, and between we saw the foaming river dashing down a cataract.

Their bridges are always left open, like the joists of an unfinished house.

WHIT-SUNDAY EVENING ON THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

The view from the rector's house extended over great stretches of breeze-ruffled lake and rocky stretches of wooded island, and included one of the great steel bridges in the distance.

We again set off for church, where there was a very large congregation, and the rector preached from Acts i. 8—"Ye shall receive power, after that the HOLY GHOST is come upon you." Mr. Fortin distinguished between "influence" and "power." The apostles were not men of *influence*, but they were men of *power*. Men have influence, and may use it for or against the cause of CHRIST, but it cannot be compared with power. We cannot all get much *influence*, but we all receive power, after that the HOLY GHOST comes upon us. A very helpful sermon, and listened to with sustained and rapt attention.

"May I ask if you are from Sunderland, sir?" said a weather-beaten man, who had been at both our services. "My name is Herbert C. Ritson, and I am master of one of the lake steamers sailing from this town," he added.

We had quite a Bishopwearmouth talk together, and I received sundry messages for good folk abiding near the mouth of the Wear. Mr. Ritson had walked into the hotel and seen lying about some localized *Evangelists*, which I had placed on

the table, hoping they would be taken up by some Western wanderers and read that Sunday morning. Seeing "Monkwearmouth" on the front he gave a start, and turning up the visitors' book he found my name.

SUNDAY NIGHT IN AN OBJIBBEWAY'S WIGWAM.

I noticed when in church a number of Indians in the back seat, and especially one tall old man who gazed strangely at me when I was reading the lesson. On inquiry I found that they were a party of Christian Indians who had settled in the outskirts of the town, on what is locally known as "The Dump."

After evening service I found my way out to them, as I was interested to see some who had been brought out of heathenism into CHRIST'S kingdom. In the semi-darkness I discovered a very low hut. It seemed only about four or five feet high, as far as I can remember. I knocked and entered. The air outside was cold and keen, snow falling occasionally. The atmosphere inside was heated up to eighty or ninety degrees by a stove, and there was a smell of roast Indian, and skins. Also I found the insects abounding, and eager to make the acquaintance of an Englishman. "Here," thought I to myself, "I realize something of the minor trials of a missionary to the Indians —he must be insect-proof."

A half-breed came in and interpreted for me. In that tiny hut of one room there were eleven persons, and such an odour of condensed Indian\

Let me forget all that now, and simply remember that great, simple old redskin repeating, in Objibbeway, the collect, "Lighten our darkness," and then the LORD'S Prayer. Before I left I said, through the interpreter, "I am going to kneel down here in the middle of the hut, and you will all kneel too, and I will pray for GOD'S blessing upon you."

All placed themselves in the attitude of prayer, and I said, "Shall I pray that you may be successful in fishing and shooting, or shall I ask GOD to bless you in your souls?" The aged Indian replied, "Pray for a blessing for the soul." I prayed aloud in English and they all knelt around me, and the half-breed told them how I asked GOD to make them more and more steadfast, and so with the blessing I left them.

They belonged to the Mission of the Rev. Baptiste Spence (an Indian pastor), some fifty miles away, and though they could not understand the service in English, they liked to worship with their fellow-Christians on the LORD'S Day, and they know when the clergyman kneels down that it is the time to pray.

All round we shook hands, and with Jacob Linkater, my guide, we passed out of the heated atmosphere into the snow-laden air.

* * * * * *

Now we rejoin our emigrant party on the last stages of the journey to Manitoba.

WE ENTER MANITOBA.

On the fourth day from Quebec, at eight p.m., we left the province of Ontario behind. We had travelled for more than a thousand miles through its interminable forests and along the shores of its lakes, and now, at a station called Rennie, we find ourselves in vast, far-stretching Manitoba; the forests tone down and the country becomes flatter.

All our colonists look out eagerly for the first signs of cultivation. Officials who have come some distance to meet us board the train, desirous to give information to the immigrants as to places, and as to land to be purchased.

Here is a card which is presented by Mr. Smith :—

MANITOBA GOVERNMENT
Immigration and Intelligence Offices,
Opposite to C.P.R. Depôt, Winnipeg.
Reliable Information to intending Settlers.
ALEX. SMITH, Agent.

WINNIPEG.

On Friday morning our train ran out from the forests on to the prairies, and soon a sprinkling of shanties betokened our approach to a large town. We ran along at a slackened speed, and the conductor passed through the cars crying, "Winnipeg! All change cars."

CHAPTER VII

WINNIPEG AND THE PRAIRIES

THE growth of Winnipeg from 200 souls in 1870 to 30,000 or more in 1895 must have some explanation.

It was formerly "Fort Garry," a station of the Hudson Bay Company, and to the present day the Hudson Bay Stores do an enormous business. They are said to turn over a quarter of a million sterling every year.

It is only ninety miles or so from the United States boundary, with railway communication tapping North Dakota and Minnesota, and communicating with St. Paul and Minneapolis. It is connected by water with Lake Winnipeg—into which the Red River flows. There is communication *viâ* Norway House with Hudson Bay, and by the Saskatchewan with the great North-West. Lastly, the wonderful railway line of the C.P.R. has placed Winnipeg as a half-way stopping-place between the Atlantic and Pacific, and between England and the Far East.

It is a strange mixture of shanties and magnificent buildings. There are Chinese laundries, where the busy Celestial is seen through the window

sprinkling a fine spray out of his mouth over the linen fronts which he is "getting up." Inferior Indians and half-breeds with Red River carts are slouching along the wood main street—132 feet wide—paved with cedar blocks and lighted with electricity. The town is built on a flat plain where the Red River and the Assiniboine meet.

IMMIGRANTS IN MANITOBA.

Immigrants are permitted to use the Government Immigration Depôt until they have some place to go to. A family of Church folk, from the S.S. *Vancouver*, soon settled down in the rough quarters provided, and they made themselves fairly comfortable. A large school-room, with spaces about eight feet square partitioned off all round, was supplied, but the accommodation was inferior to that provided at Quebec.

In the spring-time, about the end of April, there is generally a demand for country-men, but clerks and shop hands have not much chance of getting employment. There is a class of men who are called "Remitters" or "Remittance-men." They are loafers who go round trying to negotiate loans. They are always expecting a remittance in a few posts from the old country. Winnipeg is not the place to send the black sheep of the family to. It should not be the terminus, but the starting-place. For any one who will work there is work to be had in the spring-time.

The Rev. H. T. Leslie, 219 Donald Street, is the S.P.C.K. chaplain here, and he found places at

once for all who were willing to work on the land. About five dollars a month (say £1 1*s.*) and board and lodging is given to green hands, viz. those who know nothing of country life.

A FEW HOURS IN WINNIPEG.

"Hallo! Mr. Firth, wherever did you spring from?" I exclaimed, as a well-known face came beaming along Main Street, under an American hat and above long boots.

Some six weeks before we had lost a general favourite from our church choir who had set off to seek his fortunes in the West. He had gone to Boisavain, but having been seized with sudden illness returned to Winnipeg after four days' experience of farm life. He had now obtained a more congenial post in the city, owing to the kindness of Canon Pentreathe.

We spent the afternoon together, and met with a kind reception at 115 McWilliam Street, where some of the pleasantest folk in Winnipeg board young men at reasonable charges. (Note this address.) Poor Fred Firth passed away a few months later, a victim, I believe, to pneumonia. I am glad we had that time of prayer together in his little room, with All Saints Almanac on the wall.

With a young friend from Sunderland we walked out to call on the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Archbishop Machray. He lives about a mile to the north of the railway station. There is quite a striking cluster of Church buildings—the cathedral,

the Archbishop's house, the college (St. John's), the school, and the deanery. The Archbishop was most courteous, and took us all over the university buildings, and *inter alia* we saw the room used during the sitting of the House of Bishops of the province of Rupert's Land. The bishops of his province are the Bishop of Moosonee, Bishop of Saskatchewan, the Bishop of the McKenzie River, the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, the Bishop of Athabasca, the Bishop of Calgary (at present united with Saskatchewan).

Winnipeg is rich in mud. The mud is of a tenacious character, and it had the audacity to seize and hold fast an Episcopal golosh, or Canadian overshoe. It is really trying when crossing a muddy road to have one's overshoe rudely plucked off, but its owner was very good-natured.

Had a talk with Mr. Copeland, who was to find places for all the Y.M.C.A. youths on the Monday. They stayed meanwhile at the New Douglas.

I walked out to Armstrong Point to call upon Mr. Eden, brother of the Bishop of Dover, who lives in a pretty house among the trees in the pleasantest suburb of Winnipeg, but too well furnished with mosquitoes.

There is a great demand for first-rate servants here as in Victoria. £36 per annum is given for a thoroughly competent woman; but then often only one maid is kept, and, with occasional help from the mistress, she has to do everything.

"I shall want two afternoons a week for practising my guitar," said a damsel the other week, to

a lady here who was on the point of engaging her as her servant. Neither the mistress nor her husband, however, could resign themselves to the constant twanging of the dulcet banjo, and so negotiations fell through.

Some of the servants dress up so ridiculously when out for the evening, that one pities them. They evidently wish to be mistaken for their mistresses.

Let me give a kindly word of advice to those who think seriously of going out to engage in service in Canada. They will simply be invaluable if they do not allow their heads to be turned, but behave as modest girls do in England. What a comfort to some of the English ladies would a faithful maid be out in the West! Really good servants are much wanted. It is quite natural for many of them to wish to marry and settle down in a home of their own, but they should be very careful whom they marry.

ON THE PRAIRIES.

We left Winnipeg for the Far West in the afternoon, and our long, heavy train, crowded with immigrants and Ontario farmers who had come to view the land, rolled out into the prairies.

Flat—flat as Holland—flat as a calm sea, the great prairies, these *steppes* of Manitoba, stretch as far as eye can see. White farm-houses at great distances on the horizon are seen, miles and miles from each other. Cattle grazing look up lazily or trot across the line in front of the threatening

cow-catcher as our train sweeps by. And we do sweep! Near Winnipeg there are fewer farms than further on, owing to the "Land Boom." Speculators bought up the land round Winnipeg some years ago, in the hope of selling again at high prices, and they hold the land still in that hope.

At Portage-la-Prairie we saw about fifteen Indian tents, belonging to the Sioux tribe. We were told that they came from under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes to live under the Union Jack. My friend G. O. had the honour of supplying a Sioux at the station with enough tobacco to serve a red man forty-eight hours.

At Portage-la-Prairie we lost some more of our party going to Rapid City, on the Manitoba and N.W.T. Railway. This is the railway which endeavoured to cross the Canadian Pacific Line, and almost caused a veritable railway war.

The platelayers here (or "construction men" as they are called) have a truck or trolley which works like a velocipede. They all stand on the truck and work a double handle up and down like a fire-engine. It is called the hand-car. Some of the inspectors have a tricycle which runs on the rails on a similar principle, and is just intended for one person.

At the eighty-seventh mile from Winnipeg the country becomes undulating and wooded, and the scenery quite English.

OUR PICNICS ON THE CARS.

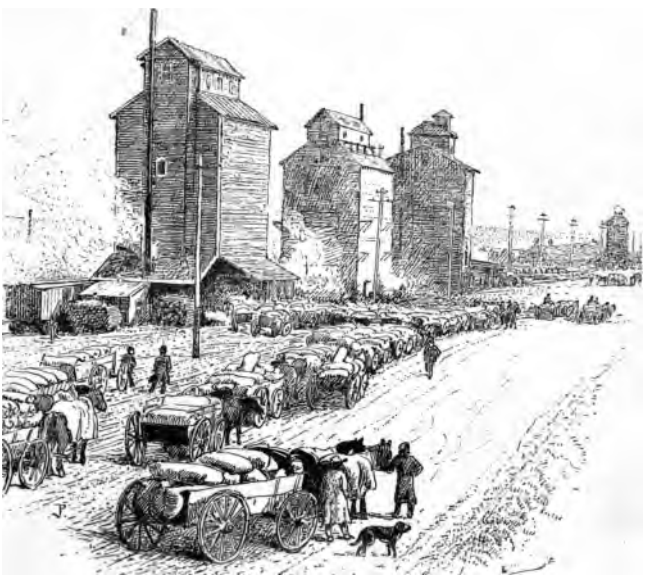
Speeding over the plains of Manitoba we had to support nature at the usual hours. One of our party was an excellent *chef*, and laid the cloth (a towel) in correct style on the seat, a tin gill can, a flowered white cup, and a Devonshire cream jug; one spoon, one knife, a loaf, some coffee, canned brawn, and canned beef. The motto of the salmon canneries of British Columbia is, "*We eat all we can, and what we can't, we Can.*" At some stations we bought milk fresh from the prairie cow at five cents a glass.

BRANDON AND VIRDEN.

At eight p.m., Friday night (fifth day from Quebec), we arrived at Brandon, the centre of the wheat-growing district. A great crowd of sunburnt farmers and labourers filled the platform and inspected the new arrivals. None of our party were engaged to come here, as we understood most of the places were filled up for this year. Seven or eight of the Y.M.C.A. friends were to leave the cars at Wolseley at midnight.

At eight o'clock we were at Virden, where my friend G. Outram was to alight, his long journey being ended. The country round is undulating and fairly wooded. He was to go to a farm seven miles to the southward, to spend a year in getting experience. A friend met him at the station, and we all bade him "good-bye" after a companionship

of nearly 5000 miles since the afternoon when his father and sisters waved adieu to him from the tender on the River Mersey fifteen days ago. At



THE BRANDON RAILWAY DEPÔT.

Wolseley other young friends left us, having obtained engagements through the mayor of that place. Letters from these friends will be found at the close of this chapter.

QU'APPELLE.

"Who calls?" That, we are told in local records, is the meaning of the name of this town, and a legend gives us the reason why.

The Legend.

A young brave was descending the swift-flowing river in his canoe to seek his dusky bride. Passing a small wood at night, he heard his name repeated again and again. He cried out each time, "*Who calls?*" recognizing the voice of her who was soon to be his bride. At early sunrise, as he approached the camp where she lived, he heard the death songs of her people around her tent, and knew she had gone to the Island of the Blest. They told him that the previous night she had again and again repeated his name ere her spirit fled.

CHURCH WORK IN QU'APPELLE.

Qu'Appelle, at one time called Troy, is a small prairie town of some 500 inhabitants, with a substantial church (the pro-cathedral), and Roman and Methodist places of worship. The Bishop of the diocese lives about a mile and a half from the station.

On one occasion I left the cars here and walked over the prairies to see the Bishop. There were many impudent specimens of the gopher tribe peeping out of their holes, and a great hawk endeavouring to secure one of these wily rodents for an afternoon meal.

A school is at one side of the Bishop's house, and an agricultural college at the other. The Bishop was interested to hear that I had officiated in his diocese, and told me something of the nature and

extent of the work here, as he accompanied me back across the prairie.

In the evening there was choral Evensong at "19.30" in the pro-cathedral. The Rev. M. Krauss, principal of the college (formerly curate at Houghton-le-Spring, in this county of Durham), intoned, and two lay-brothers read the lessons. It was refreshing to see such a good congregation on a "week-day" afternoon, and such a large proportion of young men.

A good number of children from England, I was told, are willingly adopted in this district by respectable people. They grow up to be happy and useful as a rule.

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

The N.W.M.P. are a fine set of men physically. They attract our attention throughout the "Territories" in their brilliant red short jackets, and dark blue riding breeches with yellow stripes, long boots, faultlessly polished, burnished spurs, white gauntlets, and forage cap set jauntily "on three hairs." Many of the men are of fairly good English extraction.

Their head-quarters are at Regina, but small detachments are stationed at all important settlements and reserves in the Territories. At the Palmer House, where I stayed at Qu'Appelle, three or four red-coats sat down to dinner, and had a good deal of military chaff at each other's expense. They wear a very becoming fur costume in winter, which gives them an Austrian Hussar appearance.

Big, handsome fellows, some of whom dislike the teetotalism they are compelled to enforce on others. Life in the N.W.M.P. is made up of a combination of cavalry and police duties—keeping the Indians in order, and keeping contraband drink out of the Territories.

They are supposed to spill the liquor wherever found, and in winter, when spirits have been run out on the snow, enthusiastic lovers of alcohol among the Indians have been seen scraping up the spirit-soaked snow and devouring it. Though the members of the N.W.M.P. are said by candid residents to have their frailties, they are the greatest protection to the Territories. Those amongst our readers who can obtain a copy of *Trooper and Redskin*, by the late Mr. Donkin, published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., will find delightful descriptions of the scenery of the North-West and of the life of the troopers.

MOOSEJAW.

One thousand nine hundred and ninety-four miles from Quebec. At six o'clock on Saturday morning (six days from Quebec) we were in the centre of the great territory of Assiniboia, and we stopped at a station in the middle of the prairie, called by an abbreviation of this Indian name, which is, in full, "*The-creek-where-the-White-Man-mended-his-cart-with-the-jaw-of-a-Moose.*" This was too much for the railway officials to call out, so they only gave us "Moosejaw."

We had an inferior, expensive, and hurried fifty-

cent breakfast, and as the train began to move, we left the tables and jumped on the cars again. As speed was getting up we saw two tame deer tethered by ropes, and further on a herd of antelopes which had come down to a pool to drink —they bounded away at a great rate.

The country here for miles and miles is uninhabited, waiting for settlers. There is room, literally, for millions of people. Rolling prairie land; splendid grazing country. No signs of human life. Twenty miles between the section-houses on the line, and no other houses at all. In the middle of this wild country we came to a siding where a freight train was waiting for us to pass; also a dining car, with cook and waiters, who had slept all night in the solitude of the vast prairie.

Buffaloes (or more properly *Bisons*) but a few years ago overran the prairie here in vast herds. Millions of them have been destroyed most ruthlessly, and now not one is left in a wild state. There is a tame herd near Winnipeg. They are kept at Stony Mountain, some twelve miles north of the city. They are the property of the governor of the penitentiary. It is a favourite drive out to see them.

The prairies are reticulated with buffalo trails, and constantly we see a circular shallow basin where they used to wallow in the mud. The prairies are pitted with these "wallows."

OLD WIVES LAKE.—ASSINIBOIA.

An immense sheet of water (alkaline) lies to the south of the line, huge and lonely. It is known as the Old Wives Lake. I do not know how it acquired the name: perhaps the Indians used to dispose of their old wives in it. Heavy clouds hang over the prairie, with a continuous fall of cold rain. Wild birds rise from the marshes as we pass.

A twenty-mile run and then we come to a section-house. Here is a coal depôt for the locomotives, and one of the gigantic barrel-like water-tanks. Also a telegraph station and a rude booking office. Here the officials live an out-of-the-world existence. This endless prairie is just as wonderful as the thousand miles of rock and forest in Ontario.

We see a prairie wolf watching the graceful antelopes as they trot away from the train; not one seemed to realize the peril from such a proximity. The alkaline lake reminds me of similar lakes on the Tunisian Sahel, in North Africa, called *schotts*. At Bush Lake the marshes were filled with wild fowl; we were told that the president of the line (Sir William C. Van Horne) comes here for shooting.

AN UNLIKELY TAIL (!)

The prairie marmot (the gopher) everywhere sits above its little home burrowed out of the earth,

and stares stupidly for awhile at the cars, and suddenly disappears below.

These gophers are very destructive. I was told that a high price was offered by the authorities for their tails. But they discovered that the Indians cut off the tails and let them grow again, in the hope of a second reward!!! Then the Government insisted upon having the head also. This must, indeed, be a wonderful country for crops, when even amputated gophers' tails will sprout again!

TRADING WITH CREE INDIANS.

We saw the tepees of an Indian encampment as we approached Swift Current, and found a dozen or so at the station who had brought down bison horns to sell. Though the bison is nearly extinct in the North-west Territory, these Indians in Assiniboia know where to find skeletons and horns. Clever people say they are only cows' horns.

Some are very pleasant, sensible-looking men and women, and one of the handsomest wore his jet-black locks hanging in plaits over a bronzed face. He bore the name of "The Thief," or "Rogue." From him I bought a fine set of horns, at a price considerably below that which he at first asked.

My friend "The Rogue" was dressed in true Indian fashion—moccasins, blanket, etc. I expect he would, under different circumstances, have found much pleasure in scalping me in another way. I bought another pair from one of the women.

Traveller (looking at horns): How much?
Squaw (holding up one finger): One dollar.
Traveller (crossing two fingers): No; fifty cents.

All laughed and shook their heads. I held out three "bits" (each twenty-five cents). Heads shaken again. Train moves slowly, engine bell swinging. Three "bits" still held out. Horns handed over, and money secured just in time to jump on board as speed increases. Artful Indian!

We have now covered 2,000 miles, and constantly see the tents or tepees of the Indians, and meet them at every station.

THE NEWSAGENT.

On every train running a long journey on this continent, you have constant inducements to open your purse. There is generally a youth licensed by the Company to sell papers, books, and eatables to the passengers. He gets twenty cents on each dollar he turns over. That is, twenty per cent. (A dollar contains 100 cents.)

From Winnipeg we had a delicious youth, by name P. Venables. He started round first with bundles of newspapers. "Full account of burning of Seattle." Came back whistling, and set out with basket of oranges. Went down the whole length of the train with a pleasant bow and a never-desponding air, and then started with lemonade and ginger ale. Once more with large photographs of scenes on the lines, and descriptive guides. Always smiling—sometimes naughty; too *ready* to meet chaff by chaff of a similar kind.

Though apparently frivolous, he had his better side, and we had a serious chat together before we parted. He is an English youth. He came out with his two brothers, and worked on the railway when in construction. But he finds his present work, as he says, "the best paying thing on the line." He is good-looking, and very "casual"—as we say, a regular happy-go-lucky.

MEDICINE HAT.

Two thousand two hundred and fifty-three miles from Quebec. We ran down from the prairie into a valley cut out by the winding Saskatchewan River, and found ourselves in a basin some miles across, surrounded by high cliffs. An oasis on this never-ending prairie.

We have travelled the length of England and only seen a dozen or two houses! Here is a bright-looking little town, below the level of the prairie, in the mild belt of the "Chinook" wind, as it is called, which wafts from the Pacific Gulf Stream.

A HAIRY BEAR.

Here we were greeted by a brown bear who was delighted to make our acquaintance. He was captured by some Indians a few miles to the north, and was fastened by a chain to a stout post. He reminded me of a young bruin at Krasnoe Selo, called Michael. He was a big fellow, and sat up waiting eagerly for biscuits

from the passengers, who had half-an-hour to wait here. Then he would rush off excitedly at full gallop round the post. The C.P.R. officials have a garden here, planted with flowers in the shape of letters which spell

Van Horne,

and other railway names, local or central.

Here is the great iron railway bridge over the Saskatchewan which you see in pictures. An unfortunate Icelander was killed here last Sunday evening. After the train for the West had started, he thought his luggage was left in the train, so, not wishing to be parted from it, he ran and jumped on the Pullman car, which is always at the end.

THE ICELANDER.

He struck his head severely and cut it open; and bleeding profusely, he staggered down the cars, passing through the Pullman, the first-class, and two colonist cars, when he must have fainted from loss of blood, for he fell between, and both legs were taken off. The train was by this time half over the bridge; it stopped, and the poor man was taken back. He lived but a short time. No one could understand his language, but he could just say, "Poor Icelander, him sick;" and so the poor Icelander died. He had come to work on the railway in a construction gang. The clergyman in charge, the Rev. W. G. Lyon, buried him on the hillside the same evening.

A CLERGY HOUSE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The Rev. Walter G. Lyon, the then priest-in-charge of the mission at Medicine Hat, was glad to hear that he could have help on Sunday. He went sixty-seven miles to take a morning service at an outlying chapel at Maple Creek ; there could have been no morning service at St. Barnabas had I not taken it.

So I left my friends in the cars—there were still six of those who crossed with me—and taking Francis Dockerill with me, my last special charge after Calgary, I went up to the clergy-house.

THE PEACEFUL RIVER.

The Saskatchewan flowed beneath the windows of the wooden bungalow. Inside were shelves of well-chosen books, a good library of theology, wolf-skins, whips, mosquito nets, bath, boxes, wooden plank walls ornamented with Scriptural pictures. A general air of comfort and refinement, yet a glance reminded one of the region we were in. The tinkling bell of wandering cattle came across the broad river, borne on the clear resonant air ; but all was repose and quiet. The lovely scene in the setting sunlight, the distant cliffs, as lovely as in Italy or Tripoli, showed one how clear and pure the air was.

OUR WALK ROUND "THE HAT."

"The Hat" is the short name by which the inhabitants prefer to speak of their town—Medicine Hat (population 700).

We went into the Round House, where the locomotives rest after their long journeys, and where they receive a good rub down. The cleaners told me they got much dirtier here than in the old country, because there is so much dust, and no cinder ballast. We rode on an inspector's tricycle such as we saw at Fort William, and got up a great speed on the metals. There is but one passenger train each way a day, and a few freight trains, so we ran no risk in flying along the metals.

Near the depôt, or railway-station, was a huge pile of

Buffalo Bones,

gathered on the prairies by the Indians, who receive about £1 per ton for them. They are sent off to sugar refiners, and after being ground are used as filters for the sugar. I picked out two buffalo skulls with horns attached, and had them packed to take back to England. (They are now in two English vicarages.)

We then visited some Indian and half-breed tents, and saw them stretching hides. I dined with Mr. Fatt, who acts as lay-reader with the Rev. W. G. Lyon, and gained much information on various subjects.

SUNDAY IN A PRAIRIE CITY.

On awaking this morning it took me some time to understand where I was. I saw no sleeping passengers around, and all was still. "Has the train stopped at some station, and have all the passengers got out and left me alone?" I thought sleepily. Then it dawned upon me that I was no longer in the cars, but in a "shack," on the high banks of the great Saskatchewan, whose waters flow from the Rocky Mountains into Lake Winnipeg.

A lovely church, where everything is ordered most distinctly on "Church" lines, an attentive congregation, who joined heartily in the singing, and especially in the *Veni Creator Spiritus*—

> "Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
> And lighten with celestial fire."

At our Celebration, out of fourteen communicants, twelve were men—a good sign in this western town. I had with me two watches—my own, which I did not alter, and a borrowed one, which each day as I travelled west I turned back and back. It was 7.20 p.m. by the watch which still kept English time, when our morning service ended. The difference between English and N.W. Territory time is seven hours; Evensong was going on in All Saints' Church at Monkwearmouth when I pronounced the Benediction at morning service on the prairies. We had a children's service at three p.m. I had some bright-eyed little Canadian

and English children to speak to, and among them a dark-skinned little half-breed girl.

Before leaving the prairies it may be well to give the opinions of some of those who travelled with me from Liverpool. They left me at Winnipeg and at various points beyond, and in response to my request wrote to me a month or two afterwards, stating the results of their experience. The first letter is from a clergyman's son—

WHAT MR. OUTRAM SAYS:

"I like the life out here very much so far, and shall like it much better when I have a farm of my own. I am not receiving any pay, but I could easily get a place on a farm, and make from ten to fifteen dollars per month. I shall stay here till next April, I think. I have purchased a quarter section of land from the C.P.R., about a mile north from here. You ask me what are the prospects of the country? Well, I can hardly tell you. I think if a fellow is steady he can soon make a good living; all the free lands are taken up in this neighbourhood, but further west there are lots of homesteads to be taken up. The weather is beginning to get colder now (Sept. 6). I much prefer it to the hot weather of the last three months.

"A. F. H. OUTRAM,
"DEER FARM,
"VIRDEN, MANITOBA."

"COLDSPRING FARM,
"ELLISBORO', CANADA, N.W.T.

"DEAR SIR,

"Though behind in writing you, my opinion of the country is not one whit behind that of the others.

"I arrived at Wolseley on June 8, and was engaged to a farmer the same afternoon. I am

A MANITOBA HOMESTEAD.

very comfortably situated on a farm of 640 acres in the Qu'Appelle Valley, eight miles north of Wolseley.

"I like the country and the work very much. I have been able to do all the work I have had given me to do, and so far I don't think I have had to work any harder than in England (I was in a shop in London), and I would not go back to England to earn my living if I had the opportunity. I think I have had much the same work as other young fellows—helping make roads, putting up fences, ploughing (which I learned in

half a day), harvesting, haymaking, etc. I am also glad to be able to say that my employer is very well satisfied with me.

"Taking it on the whole, my opinion is that it is a grand country, and has good prospects for a young fellow willing and able to work, and when he arrives not be surprised because he has to work.

"Hoping you are quite well,

"I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

"JOHN H. HANNAH."

"POST OFFICE, LORLIE,
"ASSINIBOIA, CANADA.

"DEAR MR. BODDY,

"It is with great pleasure I write you a few lines in accordance with your wish. I am in a fairly good situation, with a Christian family, living about thirty miles north of Indian Head, on the C.P.R.—our nearest market town comprising about 200 inhabitants. My hours for work are rather long, and last from five a.m. till eight p.m., but I generally get one hour's rest after dinner. I enjoy my work very much, though some of it is very hard, especially the building part. The country has a very wild and bare appearance, it being nothing but a wide rolling prairie; but there are a few pretty French towns to be seen along the C.P.R.

"To every young man who has any thought of coming to this country, I would utter a word of warning against deciding too rashly. Many have done this, and come out here with wrong impressions of what the country and farm life are like; the consequence of which has been constant dis-

appointment, and a desire to return to the 'old country.' Only lately, I heard of a clergyman's son who came out here with a few hundred pounds, thinking that he would be able to live a tolerably easy life; but finding out his mistake, and that there were hardships to endure, he became disappointed, and at last went out of his mind.

"On coming out here, every young man ought to be prepared for three things, namely—hard work, a humble life in a log cabin, and to forego all public amusements. If I had not prepared myself for these things before I left England, I should have broken down a long time ago. As it is, I am very happy. There is plenty of work to be had out here, but the spring is the best time to come out, because by so doing one stands a better chance of securing a home for the winter. The wages paid to beginners is generally five dollars per month, except during the winter, when they receive merely their board and lodging. The younger a man is when he comes out here, the better are his prospects for the future. The weather varies a great deal here; one week it is very cold, and we get sixteen degrees of frost in one day; another week it is very hot, and the thermometer registers ninety degrees. We have just finished harvesting, and are looking forward to a winter of forty degrees below zero.

"Again thanking you for your kindness on board the ship, I remain,

"Yours truly,

"H. W. HILLMAN."

"WATTSVIEW, P.O., MANITOBA, CANADA,
"*September* 8, 1889.

"DEAR MR. BODDY,

"I have sent on the Reply Post Cards giving you the addresses of some of our party, and hope you will get them all right. I have been here a month now, and am getting on first-rate. It is a very pretty district, our house standing on one side of a valley, through which flows a small river. If you have ever been at Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, you will have a fair idea of what this place is like, the only difference being the trees, which are not near as large. These people are English, and have been here nine years, and they own 800 acres of land, and are pretty well-to-do. We work early and late, rising about 5.30 a.m., and finishing about eleven p.m. I think I had better give you an account of a day's work as near as possible.

"A DAY'S WORK.

"Rise at 5.30, milk cows (five in number), feed calves and horses (eleven in number), then have breakfast at about seven o'clock, after which we have a chapter and prayer, then turn out the cows, then down to the river with the horses and water them, then we cut some wood for household purposes, and if water is needed we go back to the river with the team and barrels, and then go out to harvest, or hay, whichever we may be working at. We come back at about 12.30 for dinner, and then

out to the fields again until about eight p.m., and have supper, then seek cows and milk, feed calves and horses again, and see that everything is safe for the night. Then comes the time for another chapter and prayer, and so ends a rather long day.

"WHAT WE EAT.

"Food consists of bread-and-butter, or rather butter-and-bread (plenty of butter), fried potatoes, boiled eggs and tea for breakfast. *Dinner*—boiled potatoes (hot), butter-and-bread, fried eggs, and rice or tapioca-pudding, and tea. *Supper*—butter-and-bread, jam, cold potatoes, raw onions (not many ladies about to smell your breath), cakes, and tea; so you see we don't do so far amiss. Wages according to ability, from five to thirty dollars per month. Greenhorns get five to eight dollars. I had five dollars at my old place, but have fourteen here, and expect to get twenty before long. You see, I am a joiner, and have an extensive knowledge of horses and cattle. Any one with a trade can get on well here, but you have to work, and no mistake. My friend, Miller, says he would rather drive a team of oxen than drive a pen. He was a clerk in London. I have broken in two horses since I came here, and one at the old place. Some young fellows do nothing else but herd cattle on horseback.

"WHAT TO TAKE WITH YOU.

"Now about what to bring and not to bring. Plenty of woollen underclothing and corduroy, of

moleskin suits, but *don't* bring heavy boots; top boots are needed on account of long grass in wet weather. You cannot wear heavy boots at all, either summer or winter, I'm told. You want a skin cap which will come down over the ears for winter. Be sure and bring your tools, as tools are expensive here. Don't bring a gun or pistol, as there is no need for them; you can easily get the loan of the farmer's. You have no time for shooting in the summer. When you come, come to Manitoba, and have no less than £10 in your pocket when you arrive at Quebec, unless you know where you are going to. Don't send your luggage on beforehand; have it with you and watch it as much as possible. Strong clothes and water-tight boots as thin as possible are what you want. Plenty of good land open to homesteading about here, but be twelve months on a farm before taking up land. Don't gossip or you will come to grief. Take all in and say nothing to any one, as you don't know who you are talking to.

"AN ENTHUSIASTIC VERDICT.'

"And now, Mr. Boddy, I think farming in Manitoba is the most independent life a fellow can lead when he has a place of his own. It only needs work and patience and you will succeed. I will, if you wish, write you again, giving more particulars.

"I am,

"W. J. REED."

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE LAND OF THE REDSKIN

THE prairie has lost its flatness. Rolling undulations now meet the eye. In the distance the snowy peaks of the Rockies can be seen, and nearer to us the Foot Hills. Let us alight together at Calgary, where the train stops in the middle of the night.

I had promised to help the worthy rector, Rev. A. W. F. Cooper, and, having arrived late on Saturday night, I took part in the morning service in the pro-cathedral. Beautiful prairie flowers filled the vases, and a squad of wild Blackfeet Indians trotted by as we went into the wooden church, all gay in blankets and feathers, and the squaws dragging the tents behind their ponies.

The service was most enjoyable, and a good number of communicants, among them the wife and daughter of Bishop Pinkham, the Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, the Bishop himself being on a long journey in the northern part of his diocese.

SUNDAY INCIDENTS.

In the afternoon Mr. Cooper buried on the prairie a poor young fellow, only a fortnight out

from England. He had, it was conjectured, fallen from his horse after sunstroke; and when found, his poor body had for hours been dragged about on the prairie by the "lariat," which he had fastened to his wrist. Sad end to all his hopes and plans.

We had a good evening service at *nineteen* o'clock (seven p.m.) in the pro-cathedral, where I preached, and had in the congregation a friend from Sunderland who had not found suitable work and was somewhat disheartened. The pretty church was well filled with a hearty gathering from the town and the country round.

Another emigrant friend, Mr. F. Bernard, drove me in his smart rig-out to his father's house, beautifully situated in district "Sixteen," near the Bow and Elbow Rivers. It was most interesting to see an ocean friend settled down now in his Western home; to find that every one turned to and worked—brothers and sisters alike ready for anything. We wandered over the farm land and saw the wooden buildings, and then as darkness came on we gathered in the house and had supper together. I walked back three miles along the railway line to the town alone in the deep twilight, and solemn thoughts came in during those long dark miles over the vast and solitary prairie that Sunday night.

Calgary is largely a town of single men. It is the metropolis of the ranching district, and yet has a very unfinished look. Mr. Caine said—"It is exactly like a great international Exhibition a week or two before the opening day."

The bell which had called us to worship to-day was given by the Mounted Police. This is the inscription on a tablet in the church—

The Bell of this Church
was presented by the
Officers and men of the E Division, N.W.M.P.,
in memory of
CORP. W. N. T. LOWRY,
Who died, May 3rd, 1885, aged 27 years,
from wounds received in battle
at Cut Knife Creek.

Mr. Cooper has since written me this interesting letter, which will give an insight into affairs at Calgary.

A LETTER FROM CALGARY.

IMMIGRATION—IMMIGRANTS' TRAIN ALWAYS ARRIVES IN MIDDLE OF NIGHT—LETTERS OF COMMENDATION FROM HOME CLERGY—CHURCH-WORK IN CALGARY—THE UNEXPECTED SNOW IN SEPTEMBER—CHURCH OFFERTORIES—NEED OF MORE CLERGY.

"CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA,
"*September* 16.

"MY DEAR BODDY,

"I feel at a difficulty as to your request. Some way or another it seems to me I have done very little indeed for the Immigrants that come out here, and beyond an occasional visit to the Immigration Shed, and of course giving advice and kindly reception to those who have come to me with letters, I have done nothing. My friend, the Rector of Brandon, is, I know, always on the platform of the depôt to meet the west-bound train, and probably if our trains arrived in the *daytime*

here I would do the same; but you know the unearthly hours we keep here, and so it often happens that families arrive without my knowing of it, and go out on farms or ranches without having reported themselves.

"I would press very much upon intending emigrants the duty of making themselves known to the clergy, and *at once* presenting their introductions, or, should these have been mislaid, making themselves known without them. In our ever-shifting, varying populations, it is impossible otherwise to keep track of the new parishioners, and this fact is not always realized by those who come out fresh from some well-worked old country parish where the population is steady and the parson knows every one.

"Very many thanks for the *Evangelists* duly received, and I am looking forward to the account of the few days here. We are (D.G.) getting along happily in the little church. Congregation so large last night that some went away despairing of a seat. The Bishop returns this week, when I hope to get away for a week or fortnight's camping up north, to shoot prairie chickens and wild-fowl, but it is possible we may be so short-handed in the diocese that I cannot leave. Our Ladies' Guild has resumed its working parties, and they are arranging for a series of concerts, and hope by Christmas to have a sale of work to clear the debt on the school-house. I wish I could get some kind lady to do for us what Lady Selkirk is doing for my friend Pentreath, in Winnipeg, and to give us a *stone* cathedral. It seems to me a pity to

spend more money on wooden buildings, when we have this beautiful stone on the spot, and yet something must be done soon; for the church is too small.

"Our choir has improved a bit since your visit, and I hope ere long to have boys and surplices. —— is still hanging around and says he can't get work. He has found me inexorable on the subject of loans, and never tries it now, and I fear has got to be so well-known in town that people do not care to employ him. —— thinks that some one has tampered with his letters, as he says he wrote to his wife, and he also has failed to receive letters he feels sure were on their way. Our beautiful climate disgraced itself by a heavy snow-fall last week, when numbers of strangers were in town for the fall races; the cold was considerable, and we had five nasty days, but all is bright, and dry, and beautiful again. I have an idea that owing to the smoke that hung around all the summer, the sun did not warm the ground as it does other years, and we may have an earlier winter than usual. Stocken has had his church at Fish Creek, which you did not see, renovated, and it is to be re-opened about the first Sunday in October. I have paid two visits to the Reserve since you were with me. Big Plume is well, and getting on with his schooling.

"Our people in this country are after all liberal in their offertory—ours for yesterday was $21, or about £4 7*s*., apart from the envelopes on the plate, which are counted separately, and you remember the church will not seat 200. The free and unappropriated seats work well here. I have just

officiated at my twenty-sixth wedding in the church in less than two years of my incumbency. I came into the parish on October 1, 1887, and feel that as far as weddings go I have done my duty. Shortly after you left us I had the pleasure of a Sunday without a sermon, my friend Rev. A. F. G. Eichbaum, of West Malvern, and Rev. D. Sweeny, of St. Philip's, Toronto, taking the preaching for me; otherwise I have had no help, although daily studying the hotel register to catch members of the stray parson genus.

"Write to me any time you feel disposed, and do not forget the sad wants of our widely-scattered Church-folk in these dioceses when you are asking for your own flock. We have two or three posts of great usefulness opening up in this diocese now, if we had men to take them. With best wishes, and happy remembrance of your visit, which cheered me much,

"Yours most truly,
"A. W. F. COOPER."

THE SARCEE INDIANS.

A drive of some eight or ten miles in a spider-wheeled buggy brought us across the rolling prairie-land to a stream called Fish Creek. As we drove we could see the Rockies some seventy miles away—they only seemed ten miles. A fresh arrival from our land of fogs and dim atmospheres said one afternoon: "I'll just have a walk as far as those hills and back." He would scarcely believe they were more than eight or nine miles

away. Lovely blue flowers, and red lilies, small sunflowers, etc., speckled the grassy expanse. We sometimes passed a herd of active, swift-footed cattle, driven, checked, and guarded by booted and spurred "cow-punchers," who charged hither and

JIM BIG PLUME.

thither in the dust, cracking their whips. Calgary's streets are alive with cow-boys, with broad flapping hats and leggings. (Some of the "boys" are forty years of age, but still "boys.")

We descended into the valley, where the Indian Reservation encampment stands, together with the agent's house, a corral, a school-church, and a

missionary parsonage, where resided Mr. Stocken (S.P.G.) and his kind wife, with her smiling, chuckling babe. The Indian school "loosed" itself, and the youths came round us with faces hideous in bars of red and yellow paints, and feet and legs gaudy in beads and coloured work, and hair plaited in tails or standing up stiffly.

In summer the Sarcees live in the conical white tents which we call tepees, and in winter they occupy little wooden houses on the hill, heated by stoves. Roche Main, one of the chiefs, met us as we were riding round and had some talk. An immovable brown face, and a somewhat cruel eye, which lightened up at a joke.

"How many men have you killed?" I asked. "Three," he said, "and one I shot on his horse, but it galloped off with him."

He laughed when I put my hand to my hair and said that I wanted to take my scalp back with me to the "Land of the Great Mother."

When the rebellion was going on, an interpreter was told to explain to the Indians that their fault was that they were "treating the crown with contempt." The interpreter puzzled them when he told his fellow Indians that they were to be punished "for kicking the Great Mother's bonnet over the prairies."

IN THE INDIAN TEPEES.

I found one of the young "Bucks"—Jim Big Plume—could write his name in my pocket-book in a good roundhand. One of the scholars is

quite a linguist, and can speak in five different languages.

After looking in at the interesting wooden school-church where Mr. Stocken teaches these wild-looking young Indians, we went down to the encampment. The dogs (nearly fifty strong) rushed out howling and showed their teeth; but they noticed that we carried stones in our hands for their benefit, and then they pensively retired.

We visited a sick Indian named "The Rider." We entered his tent and squatted on the floor. The smoke curled up through the hole at the top of the tent, and an Indian maiden, belonging to the Cree nation, was engaged in cooking a "damper." "The Rider" reclined on some skins, leaning against a willow bed-rest. His forehead was painted yellow, and his black hair in plaits hanging down. His squaw and his mother also sat round, the latter smoking a short pipe. The missionary spoke to him in the Blackfeet language, which they generally understand. Mr. Stocken had only been here a short time, and was still learning the Sarcee dialect.

When I took out my note-book they became uneasy, and on asking for the names of the mother and wife, they slipped out at once and did not re-appear for some time. Then I took out my watch and held it to the ear of a small boy who was nervously watching us. Hearing it tick, he thought it alive, and bolted out of the tent for fear it should sting or bite.

Up and down among the tents are oval frames of bent willows, as if intended for small tepees.

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These are "sweat lodges," and are used as Turkish baths. They heat a number of big stones and place them inside, and after covering the frame with blankets, the Indian sits inside and throws water on the heated stones. The steam fills this tiny lodge until he is parboiled.

We visited the camp of Big Wolf, and shook hands with him and Big Knife, and lying on the grass had some talk. Big Knife was an elderly man who had dabbled in magic. Taking hold of my hand he shook it up and down, giving a little jump and exclaiming with strong aspiration, "*Hi-Hi-Hi.*"

Big Wolf was one of the chiefs of the Sarcees, and handsome but cruel, and pitted with small-pox marks. His gestures were most picturesque when conversing with us. Arms and hands continually in use. The Indians are beginning to cultivate their land, and we saw them even weeding their fields.

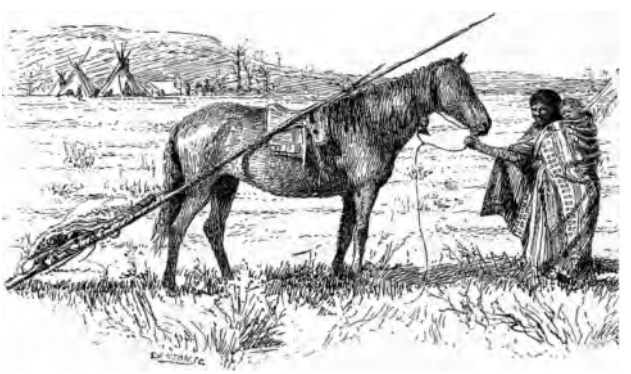
THE RATIONS, OR BEEF ISSUE.

During the afternoon we heard a fearful commotion through the camp. Every dog howled its best, and was supported by all the children and squaws. Some cow-boys were driving cattle down from the Government farm, to be killed and divided among the tribe, who receive nearly one pound of meat all round.

The cattle were driven into a strong corral which opened into the slaughter-house. All the youths, the women, the children, and every dog gathered

round, waiting for the sound of the gun as the beeves were shot down. It was soon over, and the dogs were fighting over the offal, and the more fortunate had already secured some toothsome fragment, though the meat was not to be given out till next day, when each one was to present their ration ticket.

As the Indians have given up their lands, the



SARCEE SQUAW AND PONY CART.

Government takes these people under its protection and feeds them three times a week, forbids them to drink intoxicants, and does not allow them to go out of their reserves without a licence obtained from the Government agent who lives on the "Reserve." Once a year treaty money is given —one dollar per head, man, woman, and child; minor chiefs, five dollars; major chiefs, ten dollars or more.

A PALE-FACE CHILD.

Among the Indian children gambolling round was one with a fair skin and pretty face. I tried to get hold of him, but he fled like a deer. He is about five years old, and had lived with the Sarcees since he was a year old.

I was told that in the Rebellion of 1885 his father, an English settler, went out as a soldier to fight the half-breeds and Indians and was killed, and while he was away his mother also died, and he was carried off by the Indians and brought up. He cannot speak a word of English, and does not like any one to think that he is not an Indian. Mr. Stocken tells me "the little white boy is the adopted son of 'One Spot,' and is known by the name of the 'Little Soldier.' In the Cree language it is 'Sh'moggun.'"

INDIAN BURIAL-PLACES.

Mounted on some Indian "Shaganappies," we galloped off across the rolling hills to see a strange sight. Down into the creek, then splashing through the ford and up the other side, and so away through brushwood and over open prairie till we left the camp far behind and below. The wealth of the Indians now-a-days is represented by the number of horses possessed, which they pasture on the rolling grass lands of their reservation. I witnessed some exciting races on bare-backed steeds by young Indians almost as bare as the horses they rode. The nervous little horses started

off together, and in a moment or two were only discernible in the distance.

Our Indian ponies kept up a long ambling "wolf-loup," until we had approached a wood, outside of which we fastened up our "shaganappies."

We found a trail which took us into the densest part of the bush, and looking up into the cotton-wood trees, we soon began to see the bodies of dead Indians up in the boughs. Here was a rough corded box containing probably the body of an infant. Further on, an adult wrapped up in the willow bed-rest on which he had died. Below were the bones of a horse which had been sacrificed; we could see the bullet-hole through the skull. I picked up three of its teeth as mementoes, and tore off a small strip of the Indian's blanket to take home. Many other bodies were lying in the trees just about eight feet from the ground. We came across some recent ones whom Mr. Stocken had visited in their last illness, such as the mother and sister of Shootclose.

A DEAD INDIAN'S TENT.

The most weird sight of all was a tepee in the densest part of the wood, wherein lay a minor chief called Akuskonukkutai, or "Many-times-shot-at."

We searched for some time among the trees before we saw the gleaming white sides of the tent in which lay the chief with his wife and child. The Indians are terribly afraid of going near the

resting-places of the dead, and none would have accompanied us at any price.

I unfastened with my pocket-knife a seam which

EAGLE RIB.

might have been the tent door, and taking a long breath, put my head in. Enough light shone in to show that the floor was covered with bright

blankets, and one would have said that three people were sleeping there. But the coyote—the prairie dog—had been at work, or more probably the white ant, for close to my hand lay a fairly clean white skull. I was advised to carry it home to England, as the authorities at the British Museum had never yet obtained an Indian skull from this region. I decided to put it back in the tent again.

A GREAT CHIEF'S GRAVE.

Leaving the shadow of these trees-of-strange-fruit we galloped over the prairies to the edge of the Indian Reservation to visit the grave of Akautas ("Many-Horses"), a great chief of by-gone days, whose memory is still revered. He was the chief of the Sarcees when the white man first appeared in the neighbourhood.

This grave differed from the others in being a wooden erection on the top of a hill, with a kind of flagstaff with a white rag or two flying in the breeze. We could see through the chinks the body within, wrapped in red blankets, and that of another chief in a wooden "annexe." This was "Weasel-Head."

The Indians believe that the next life will be a continuation of this, everything to be spiritual instead of corporeal. So they put in the grave all the little things that the deceased valued, and sometimes kill his favourite horse, thinking that he will enjoy the *spirit*, the "astral body," of these things. Offerings of food, pipe, tobacco, etc.,

although they see they are not removed, are still, they think, being enjoyed in the spirit by the dead man.

Big Wolf is the missionary's Indian name, given to him by Bull's Head, the principal chief. Big Wolf told me how some time back an old Indian had brought up the body of his wife, and with many regrets was placing it in its last resting-place. He heard children's voices singing together. They were out of sight, but within earshot. In his own language they sang:—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

To us the words sound strange. They are sung often at the commencement of their morning school to the familiar tune.

"Eks-ka okhsiu kshŏk-kum,
Pietsiu,
Mo-kŏm-mo-tsi-tap-pix
otai-tap-po-po-ai,
Usk-sai-ksist-si-kui-năt-si-u
Eks-kai-soks-i-nik-i-au
Kin-un o-ko-ai-(ai)
Eks-ka-ŏkhs-i-u."

The old chief came to the Mission House and asked for the missionary.

"Holy man," he said, "did you send those children up there to the woods to sing those words when I was laying my old wife away?"

"No, chief, I know nothing about it, and I hope that they did nothing that was wrong."

"They sang words which warmed my old heart when it was cold and sad. Let them often sing such words. I like them."

INDIAN MOURNING.—A DEVOTED MISSIONARY.

These Sarcees often mutilate themselves when their relatives die, or else fast to starvation. Mrs. Stocken told me of a squaw, whose son had died, and she announced her intention of cutting off a finger. Mrs. Stocken pleaded with her, and at last she consented in substitution to fast for ten days and to gash herself with knives. She was reduced to the veriest skeleton, and was on the verge of starvation before she had afflicted herself sufficiently.

The name for a missionary is "The Holy Man," or "The White Medicine Man." Sometimes we hear of his being called "The Man with the Book."

The Rev. Harry W. Gibbon Stocken, S.P.G. missionary to the Sarcee Indians, is a fine example of a devoted servant of CHRIST, living for the welfare of these simple children of the prairies. He was formerly among the Blackfeet, and had only been a year among these Sarcees as S.P.G. missionary. He has work to do among the white people, and so cannot devote his whole time to learning the language. He talks to the Sarcees in Blackfoot still, which they partially understand. When his vocabulary of Sarcee is enlarged, his work will bear more fruit.

Mr. Stocken was helped by a devoted wife, who made life among the Indians very bearable, and the little wooden house was tastefully furnished and well managed. While she was cooking in the kitchen, a row of painted savages sat on a seat near the door, taking a taciturn interest in every-

thing, and occasionally nursing the little white baby, who preferred an Indian, and was afraid of being handled by a white lady visitor. I give some of the Indians' names as I find them in the Canadian Government Blue Book:—Bowlegs, Stone Bear, Standing Buffalo, Lame Fox, Short Legs, Spotted Stone, White Man Sleeps, Owl Child, Bad-Named Jack, Never-Goes-Out, Crazy Bull, Buried-in-Water, Old Moon, Bear-down-the-River, Coming-Singing, Many-Mules, Little Running Rabbit, Hairy Face, Legs and Hips, Owns-a-Knife, Old-Man-in-a-Dirty-House, Takes-Three-Guns, Sacks-of-Meat-on-Back, White Pup, Greasy Forehead, Medicine Shoe, Old-Woman-at-War, Standing-up-Smoking-alone, Bad-dried Meat, Brass-Plate-Man, Afraid-of-a-Grasshopper, Jimmy John, James Big Woman, Mrs. Day Star, Kus-ka-tar-nak-pay-oh, Nah-tow-wee-kew, and Kee-nee-qua-nee-pe-ness.

I should like, ere we leave the Sarcees, to print a letter from my friend Mr. Stocken.

"SARCEE RESERVE, CALGARY, N.W.T.
"*December* 13, 1894.

"MY DEAR BODDY,

"I thank you from my heart for your affectionate message and those little books of yours which you were kind enough to send me some time ago. Because I never acknowledged them at the time, I hope you did not think I did not appreciate them. More than once have I thanked our Heavenly Father for them. They are so evidently the outcome of a heart that knows our holy, loving

Master. May He bless them to many souls. Thanks also for the *Church Evangelists*, which were very interesting. I am sending you one of the reports of our Indian work which you asked me for.

"There have been many developments in our Indian work in this diocese since you were out here. There are boarding-schools on every Reserve; and, as the report will show, a large number of children under training in them. Hospitals too are being put up on the Reserves. I hope to begin mine next year. But what gives us most encouragement is the evident interest being taken in spiritual teaching. There is a decided spirit of inquiry manifesting itself. On this Reserve it has all taken place within the last two weeks. I must confess to having felt discouraged. Many things seemed to make me feel so—though I knew that the Lord knew best when to give the desired fruit. However, I had been asked to preach the sermon in connection with the Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions, in Calgary, and was engaged upon it one morning when a knock came at my study door (not the first that morning by ten or a dozen), and I hesitated to open it, as I had only, so far, written three pages. I had the wisdom, however, to see who it was, and found one of our young married men (Jim One-Spot) anxious to talk with me. He had come specially to ask me if I would baptize him! I had never had any talks with him privately; but he has often been present at my informal services in the Indian lodges, and has evidently been no mere careless listener. I am sure

the young fellow is sincere. On the following Sunday Jim Big Plume joined him, and I have now a catechumens' class of two. The former speaks Cree well, and I am teaching him the Cree syllables, and hope soon to hear him reading fluently in the Cree Bible! What a blessing to be able to put the whole word of God into his hands at once. He comes five miles or more to the evening services here every Sunday, and rides home again afterwards.

"We have commenced magic-lantern lectures on the Gospel history, and they are wonderfully well attended and appreciated. A son of Preb. Webb-Peploe and his wife are fellow-workers in this diocese now, and dear friends they are. I knew him in England. Time forbids my saying more to-night, but please ask me any questions you like, and I shall take quite an interest in answering them—even if it takes *pages* to do so.

"With warmest affection,

"Your fellow-labourer in the Gospel,

"HARRY W. G. STOCKEN."

CHAPTER IX

THE ROCKIES AND THE SELKIRKS

"WHAT is the scenery of the Rocky Mountains like?" I have often been asked; "is it as beautiful or as grand as the scenery of Italy or Switzerland?" This must be my answer—Switzerland and the Italian lakes have their own special beauty It is difficult to compare this Western scenery with them. To me it seems like a combination of scenes in Northern Norway with more sunny pictures from the Ticino Valley. Through this scenery we now continue our journey towards the Pacific.

IN A BAGGAGE CAR.

It is night, and I am writing with a copying-ink pencil at the baggage clerk's desk in the baggage car of the trans-continental train travelling westwards; all around are piled the huge boxes of emigrants and colonists. The C.P.R. are very generous to the emigrants and allow them almost unlimited luggage, but I fancy that they do not allow pianos or mangles. The baggage clerk gives me much interesting information.

A PREACHER-INDIAN.

A little time ago the mounted police heard that two Blackfoot Indians had escaped from their Reservation, and were near Medicine Hat. A couple of men captured them and they were sent back by train to Gleichen. The sergeant brought them into the baggage car to be out of the way of the passengers.

They were seated on the floor. A conversation took place like the following :—

Indian : I not like go back with soldiers. All Indians in camp point at me.

Baggage Clerk : You shouldn't have run away when Government feeds you.

Indian : But I preacher-Indian. Should not touch me.

Baggage Clerk : No, no ; there are no preacher-Indians at Gleichen. How are you preacher-Indian ?

Indian : Yes, I am preacher-Indian, *I buck wood for preacher !* (He cut firewood for the missionary !)

This very car (113) was the centre of some excitement a year before. It was loaded with raw silk from China of the value of 200,000 dollars ; the car was sealed up by the Custom House officers, for the contents were in bond going through from Vancouver to New York, U.S.A. Near Gleichen, my friend in an adjoining baggage car smelt smoke and gave an alarm. The silk car was in flames. Some careless man had left a pile of oily waste on

the platform, at the end nearest the engine, and the sparks had kindled it. The door was all burnt, but the fire was extinguished in time to save the silk.

The baggage clerk, so busy pulling luggage about and writing up the pieces, is my friend Mr. Fatt. Only a few hours it seems since he was reading the lessons for us in St. Barnabas, and reading them in a very devout and edifying manner. Would that we had more of such devoted Churchmen as Francis F. Fatt, the Lay Reader, and young Jackson, the Sunday-school Superintendent at Medicine Hat.

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"*O ye mountains and all hills, bless ye the* LORD: *praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.*"

Just before four o'clock (June 10) I awoke, got down from my berth, and looked out of the window. I received a shock which completely awakened me. We were running along a broad valley, a crystal green river coursing past us, young fir-trees green and fresh springing around. But looking up, and twisting your neck you could see the sunrise already painting the great bluff heights of the seamed and scarred Rocky Mountains, which now were all around us as we quickly found our way into their very heart. The sublime and the ridiculous are ofttimes not far apart. At Canmore (4.40) I see a notice on the station—

"*Mike, the Barber, will be here every Sunday.*"

Also a notice that the Rev. J. Williams, of Banff, would hold Divine Service, and all were invited, as it would be his last time.

As we sped along, the sun gained more power, and soon shone out brilliantly on the streaks of snow and the strata-marked rocks of the Three Sisters, till the mountains blazed out in glory. Fir trees clung to the rocky steps and up the dizzy heights, and in the early morning sun all looked pure and majestic.

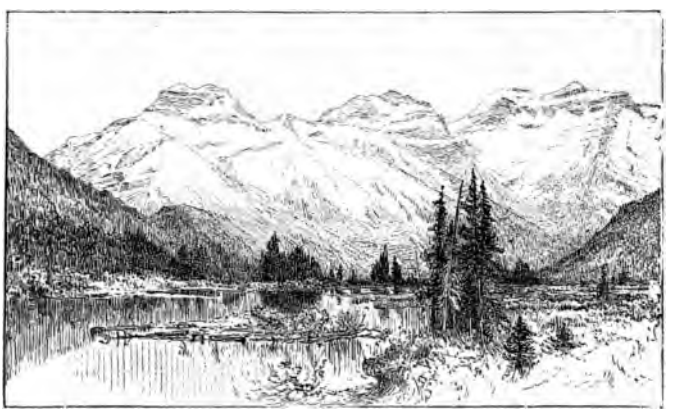
THE CANADIAN NATURAL OR NATIONAL PARK.

We (the inhabitants of Greater Britain) have a park here twenty-six miles long and ten miles wide, about 100,000 acres in all. It is in the heart of the noblest scenery the world can produce. The Government have laid out roads for driving and riding, and the Sulphur Springs have been turned into warm baths. At one of the baths a crutch used to hang, with the words, "The owner gone home." Its meaning seems dubious. At the little village are several small inns, and a great hotel run by the C.P.R. Mr. Stewart, the Natural Park Ranger, is expending more than £16,000 upon this great domain.

A few miles further and the valley is filled with a soft, white smoke, hanging like a pall or clinging to the mountain side. The forest is on fire, and soon we run through crackling flames spreading on —but not dangerous, as there is no wind.

CASTLE MOUNTAIN AND SILVER CITY.

Above the firs and spruce on our right rises the 5,000 feet precipice of the sides of the Giant's Castle, with battlements, bastion, and keep. The railway line is here at an altitude of 4,475 feet. Our conductor, J. B. Barreau, travelling from



CASTLE MOUNTAIN.

Medicine Hat to Donald, was a most communicative and pleasant official. He told me that a silver mine was started here the other year, and 2,000 people squatted in the valley. Hotels were run up, but the mine was a fraud, and all the people went home again ; some took down their houses and others left them empty.

We are labouring up the pass, and the heavy snorts of the locomotive echo loudly among the giant firs which shut in the track. Now we go

only at a quick walk, and some young fellows crowding the platforms look as if they would like to jump off. We wind along the sides of the noble mountain all glittering in the brilliant sunlight, and I enjoy the views from the open doors of the baggage car. A bull-dog, chained up among the boxes, occasionally stands on his hind legs and looks out of a window, but he has no enthusiasm for scenery and doesn't enjoy it one bit.

At last we reach the summit, and are more than *one mile* above the level of the sea. Summit Lake, a marshy, shallow sheet of water, sends out a stream eastwards 1,000 miles to Hudson Bay, and another westwards 1,000 miles or so to the Pacific Ocean. Here is a station where the ordinary engine is detached and a tremendous engine, a double-condenser, sometimes affectionately called "Jumbo," is put on. Eight driving-wheels, all connected; weight, 122 tons.

KICKING HORSE PASS.

Owing to the kindly offices of my good friend and a permit from head-quarters, I mounted the foot-plate of the giant engine, No. 313, which was to let us down the 1,000 feet to Field Station, five feet in every hundred. Mr. W. S. Caine says—"It was a great comfort to know as we came down this terrible descent, that we were travelling on rails made from good honest Cumberland hæmatite. I have noted with interest, but without surprise, that the word 'Barrow' always appeared on the rails which the C.P.R. have laid down in dangerous

places." The driver's name was J. Ormiston, better known as "Scottie." On each car was a special brakesman who kept his brakes hard down, and the engine had water-brakes. The Atmospheric Westinghouse Brake was kept in reserve in case of accident.

We started, and with all brakes down we crept down the pass. Grand, stupendously grand, and yet beautiful. The Wapta, or Kicking Horse River, foamed and roared green and crystal down below the line. Up above us Mount Hector, Cathedral Mount, and Mount Stephen cut into the sky.

Now and again we whistled loudly and a man ahead signalled to us to come on, and held open a switch to let us pass. If this was not done the whole train would be sent up a safety track into the mountain. This is to catch runaway trains or cars which get detached. A thousand feet or more above us were the wooden galleries of a silver mine on the precipitous sides of Mount Stephen.

ANOTHER SAD ACCIDENT.

In the most grand part of the pass, as we carefully crept down with brakes all set, some signals were made to stop the train. It was some time before this could be done. I saw from my seat on the engine that men were running back up the pass. We were then told that a man had been run over; but the conductor gave the word to go on. We thought the man had been placed in the train to carry to the doctor, but at the next station

we heard he had been taken to a switch-man's log-hut, but to die. He was a French Canadian silver-miner named Le Chance, and had thought he could get on the cars as they were going slowly, but he was "full" (that is, drunk), and missing his footing went under, and both legs were cut off. Many of the passengers seemed soon to forget it, but not all. May GOD have mercy on him!

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Mr. Urwin, formerly at Donald and afterwards at New Westminster, told me a little of his work among the men in the railway camp at the time of the construction of the C.P.R.

Men of all nationalities, rough but good-hearted, heedless of death, hardened by the sight of accidents. Sometimes bravadoes would come amongst them, using their shooters freely. Yet our friend bravely preached the Gospel of CHRIST to them all.

One man whom we will call "Shooting Jack," used to get behind a tree in the pass and "hold up" any solitary passers-by. That is, he would "cover" them with his six-shooter, and call to them to throw up their hands or he would shoot them dead. Then he would come down and ransack their pockets, keeping his loaded revolver handy all the time.

"Why didn't you hold up the parson, Jack?" said one of his chums.

"Wal, I just guess I didn't 'cause I thought if I held him up I'd get *more Prayer-books nor cents*."

LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Standing on the platform of a car as we were coming along, I listened as a rough woodsman who had just got on at a little station told this story :—

"Talking of bears puts me in mind of a little business we had up here on yonder mountains. We were surveying and had taken a meridian, when we worked out from it four to six miles each way, or as far as we could in the day. The boss said that in case any of us got lost we must look out for a creek and follow it right down.

"Well, one night, when we got to camp, there was a man missing. We waited three days for him to come in, and then the boss said, 'Boys, we must get that man.' We set out in a line, just so far that we could holler to one another. We could fire a gun now and again, but if we fired *twice* it meant we'd found him. Wal, I guess it was eighteen days after he was lost, and we hadn't found him. Every man we met we put on the line, Indians and all, till we had sixty-two men, and I tell you we were bound to find him. Wal, one day I see'd a big cinnamon bear, and he just got up and looked at me and I fired at him. It were a good thing, thought I, that one shot killed him, because I should have brought up the sixty-two if I had fired again.

"But I got a skeer, I can tell you, when I see'd the man we were looking for lying there right near the bear which had been watching him.

"He was about done, and when I see'd him turn up his eyes they were all yellow, and there were just a few berries near him. He said he'd been watching the bear, and the bear had been waiting for him to die, till he was getting kinder hungry.

"He'd struck a creek and followed it till he found an old rotten Indian canoe and he could get no farther; he was clean done.

"We used to visit him in the hospital, and he were kind of solemn like by times and always came back to the same thing — 'Boys, did you notice that bear?' He couldn't get it off his mind; they'd been so long in company.

"He had the note-book safe enough in his pocket with all the distances, and he owed his life to that, I guess, for I calculate that they wouldn't have had all those men out just to find a *man* that was lost."

"Yes, he got better; but he were always kind of solemn-like."

B.C.

The postal abbreviation for British Columbia is B.C. Since we have surmounted the pass we have descended into British Columbia, but the mountain journey is by no means over—it has only begun. The loveliest scenery of all bursts upon one here. After breakfast at the Hotel at Field, we fly for some thirty miles down the cañon of the Wapta. Racing with the tearing torrent fresh from the glaciers; following the winding course of

the river; round such sharp curves that we had to go slower and slower, until at last the loco-

FIELD STATION.

motive is going almost the opposite way to the Pullman car at the end.

A great forest fire is going on above us, and thick clouds of smoke hide the mountains from us; but far, far above them all, we see the snow-capped summits as if belonging to another sphere. "Just look out for the fire at Moberley, and wire if it is damaging the telegraph." This was shouted into the baggage car at the next station.

A few weeks later and the fire had reached terrific proportions. Such a fire I never expect to see until that which St. Peter foretells (2 Pet. iii. 10). Crackling flames licked up the noble forest on all sides, and thick palls of smoke hung on the mountain sides, and made the deep valleys gloomy. For 120 miles or more we were never distant from raging fires, sometimes running right through the scorching red flames, and for a moment all was suspense, and we who stood out on the balcony were singed with the fiery blast.

On one occasion, a whole train, with the exception of the rear Pullman car, was destroyed. The engine-driver was running through as usual, when he ran quietly off the rails into the middle of the track. The heat of the fire had expanded the rails and warped them. The passengers escaped.

FLYING FOR LIFE.

A man got on board at Moberley who had just escaped with his life on the hills above us, and all his valuables were destroyed. He was lumbering—cutting timber—some distance from his camp, when he found the forest all blazing and raging in

flame behind him, and return to the camp impossible. Escaping from the flames and suffocating smoke, he wandered for days without food or shelter, all his blankets, too, destroyed. By almost a miracle he found his way over the hot cinders and amidst charred and falling trees back to the line, and escaped a miserable fate. He had been much impressed by coming across a grave in the burning forest with white painted railings around it. It seemed strange and mysterious to him that the flames had swept all round and left the grave untouched, and the white railings, he said, were not even discoloured.

A BRIDGE ON FIRE.

One of the wooden trestle-bridges we had to cross caught fire, and we ran forward to extinguish it. This was done before it was burnt through, and the train safely got over the semi-charred beams; and we, who had run on, had to cross the wide river on the open trestle-work, which was a giddy task, for below was the rushing river, and behind the train, with its great bell swinging out deep warning notes.

We steamed away again through smoke and fire, and then a burning tree fell across the line, destroying all the telegraph wires, and cutting off Victoria and the West from communication with England. With all brakes down we stopped in time, and getting axes, we cut it through and lifted it on one side. As the train stood another great tree began to fall, and the cars were in danger;

but slowly it turned and considerately fell alongside the train. When it grew dark the scene was bewilderingly grand. We rushed on through smoke and heat, the red hungry flames leaping from tree to tree up the mountain side, and far above us, as well as around us, the forest blazing in a thousand places.

Mount Stephen was lurid, and flames leapt up and died away all over. The railway men were working bravely to preserve the track, and we carried a special gang with buckets and axes. As far as Banff, and further east, the fires raged; but we passed through all in safety. The smoke of this mighty conflagration extended in a few days nearly 1000 miles across the prairies, and we were told that it would not be entirely extinguished until the snow of winter.

The grey pall hung over the Alberta district through the summer, and prevented the sun from using its full power on the land, and early in September a fall of snow astonished every one, but though it soon vanished, it was looked upon as the precursor of a severe winter, owing to the land being so cold through the summer, shaded from the beneficent rays of the warm sun. For a fire to cause cold weather is as marvellous as that the waters of Montmorency should light up Quebec with brilliant incandescent lights.

Mr. Fatt showed me the grave of a negro who, in the days when the rail was making, was a great bully in the construction camp; at last he was shot down by one of the men and buried here. Forty miles from the summit we passed out

through the gates of the cañon and shot out into daylight and into open country.

GOLDEN CITY.

Quite a change from the N.W.T. Just as if we were in a southern climate, such timber, such profuse vegetation—a land of plenty. "Golden" is on the banks of the Columbia River, and with a lovely background of the Selkirks, a still nobler and higher range than the Rockies—more like the Alps. From here a little steamer journeys for 100 miles to Kootenay Lake. This picturesque excursion is attractively described in *Track and Trail*, p. 343, and a good deal is said about the Kootenay district in *B. C. in* 1887; *or Three of Us in British Columbia.* Golden City is a thoroughly Western village, and is the centre of a gold and silver mining district.

THE COLUMBIA CAÑON.

Arriving at Donald at ten o'clock (six days' rail from Quebec) we have to put our watches back for still another hour, so that we are now seven hours behind the old country.

We climb steadily up the valley of the Columbia until, in Rogers' Pass, we reach the summit, and then pass through many miles of snow-sheds. At last we are in the heart of the Selkirks, and stay at Glacier Station (here pronounced "glay-shur"), almost as grand as the Rhone glacier at the

Fürcka Pass. Down below my bedroom window at the hotel a frisky, good-natured, chained bear amused all comers by his friendliness. All around exasperating mosquitoes attacked one viciously.

TO THE SUMMIT OF THE ALUSKAN GLACIER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"O ye ice and snow, bless ye the LORD,
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

"Call me at 4.15 to-morrow morning," were my last words ere I retired. I was awake, however, at 3.30, and out at four. After some breakfast I set off for a seven hours' hard climb.

James Neves, a sturdy, experienced guide, had undertaken to take me up to the very top of the "Wild Goat" Glacier—lying to the south-west of the mighty ice-giant which dominates this valley where the Glacier Hotel is built.

A Canadian, from Ottawa, wished to join in the "big climb," and we had, as he said, "a pretty considerable tough time"; but we were not "whipped." In the early morning (but not before the mosquitoes were awake) we travelled some miles through dense green forest, pushing through a jungle of thick undergrowth and bushes, blueberry and rhododendrons, by the edge of the tearing glacier stream known as the Illecillewaet (an Indian word, pronounced "Illy-silly-wart," meaning "Rushing Torrent"), plunging over big stones, crossing the icy torrent on a single tree all wet with spray, on, on, up and up, until muscles were aching and lungs

panting. We did not come across a grizzly bear, or see any of those strange-shaped mountain goats, the Big-Horns, but we killed a chipmunk, or rather our guide's dog did.

At last we reached the foot of the huge ice-mountain, the Wild Goat Glacier, and commenced our real climb, and when we fairly got on the snow we left our enemies, the mosquitoes, behind. The *comare* of Arctic Russia (the *culex diabolus* of Rae) showed itself to be a true Anglophil when I wandered through its native forests, but the mosquito of British Columbia said to me constantly, in its own musical language, "*Fe-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.*" Its friendship was too close and assiduous, and I was glad to find that it would not venture into unknown regions of ice and snow.

Up and up, over deep snow and round dangerous crevasses, until the glacier was 1000 feet thick beneath our feet, and we were 7,794 feet (about a mile and a half) above the level of the sea. It is some years since I did some very amateur climbing in Switzerland, and the rarefied air and deep snow made me gasp painfully, and breathe with the mouth wide open, falling now and again utterly exhausted, to lie on the snow for a few minutes' rest, filling my burning mouth with snow, contrary to all conventional rules of mountaineering. About ten o'clock we were gazing from the summit into a mystic land beyond, whose mountains were greater, and its glaciers and ice-fields more wide-spreading, than anything that is visited from the railway.

As we lay on the snow eating our sandwiches,

and watching the drifting smoke of the distant forest fires, our guide told us of his work of exploration in the neighbourhood, and gave us the names of the mountains and glaciers now lying before and below us.

The Royal Geographical Society published a most valuable map of this immediate region, in the March number 1888, of the magazine, which map has been of greater use to me in identifying the peaks and glaciers than even our worthy guide's knowledge. The Rev. W. Spotswood Green, M.A., stayed at Glacier House for some time, and surveyed the mountains and glaciers around. From this map and the exhaustive paper read before the R.G.S., I see that we were looking down on to the Geikie Glacier and across to Mounts Fox, Dawson, and Donkin, surrounding the great Dawson Glacier, which is not unlike the *Mer de Glace*, in the Chamounix Valley, in Switzerland, as seen from the *Flégère*, where the *Aiguilles* dominate that glacier, rising above the *Mauvais Pas*. Mr. Green writes, "The valley we had looked into was unknown." James Neves, the guide, has since crossed it to Mount Fox. Our view was impressive, the silence awful. What a tiny atom one feels in the midst of these mighty mountains! It helps one to realize the Omnipotence which made them all, and which careth for the sparrows, and much more for us.

What a descent! Glissading, plunging through the snow, and fighting and struggling downwards, and descending gradually, like the man with the *parachute*, to the level of the ordinary world. Here

and there across our track yawned the awful *crevasses*, great open-mouthed fissures, into which we could cast a lump of ice and listen to it rattling downwards till we could hear no longer. Across the *crevasses* the deep snow formed natural bridges, across which we stepped delicately, like Agag, in danger of an awful and sudden end. I silently returned a thanksgiving when the last acre of slippery ice had been crossed, and we were standing on mother earth again.

We found our companions the mosquitoes patiently waiting for us at the foot of the glacier (unless, indeed, they were another set); and then came the scramble for an hour or two through the hot forest, as we trotted behind our faithful guide, Neves, till the welcome sight of the Glacier Hotel presented itself, and the cinnamon bear gambolled in ecstasy at the end of his chain to see us safe back. Wet and weary, and scorched by sun and snow, we were soon dry, refreshed, and happy.

These picturesque mountain hotels at Field, at Glacier, and at North Bend are all designed in Swiss *châlet* style by Mr. Thos. C. Sorby, an English architect living at Victoria. They are built chiefly of wood, and the dining-rooms made bright with contrasting timber and panelling. The gradients on the mountains are too heavy to permit of dining-cars, and these supply their place.

On leaving this lovely spot we descend rapidly, and the railway zigzags down by the Great Bend, clinging to the mountain side, and crossing occasionally on trestle-bridges over the rushing river below. The scenery in Columbia is far nobler than

anything we have seen to the east. Hundreds of miles of deep cañon and swirling rivers. In the evening we skirt the great Shuswap Lake and see

THE GREAT BEND.

the Indian in his frail canoe fishing; the tranquil surface reflecting the purple clouds so clear in this marvellous atmosphere.

YALE, ON THE FRASER RIVER.

I could not wish to live to the end of my days in a more noble spot than at this point in the gorge

of the Fraser River. Here, formerly, was the head of navigation, 103 miles from Vancouver and 3000 miles from Quebec. Now it is little more than a shrunken village of wooden shanties.

Through the night we had passed along the cañons of the Thompson and the Fraser, and in the early morning had been continually astounded and almost stupefied with the heights and depths above and below us. Many felt very fearful in passing at tremendous heights over the cañons on creaking trestle-bridges.

At 9.20 we shot through a tunnel and emerged near Yale. Here I left my last charge—Francis Dockerell—to go on to New Westminster, having given him a letter to the good Bishop Sillitoe.

The train sped away and friends waved from the Pullman car platform as it disappeared. I left my luggage in the waiting-room and found my way over to the Railroad Hotel, a thoroughly Western establishment—a wooden, one-storied building, with a primitive shanty up the "street" for a bedroom for the male visitors.

THE CHINESE ON THE FRASER.

Hundreds of Chinese live in this neighbourhood. Many work as miners or wash the soil of the Fraser River to get gold. They also go out as cooks, and all the laundries are kept by them. Here is a sign at Yale—

CITY LAUNDRY,
YUNG WOO.

The "city" contains about 300 inhabitants.

Having a stock of soiled linen, I went over and found two Chinamen in their dark blue clothes and long hanging pig-tails. Yung Woo gave me his card in Chinese characters. I couldn't read it. They charged ten cents a piece (that is, fivepence per article), which is a good deal more, I believe, than we pay in England. They wash well, and can cook well.

One of them next morning was stupefied with opium. Up in the mountains they are a lower set than down on the coast. I visited their burial-ground, and saw the queer enclosure and a sort of flag-staff with rags of white material. Occasionally their relatives have the bodies dug up and forwarded to China. The *Parthia* took a freight of coffins some time ago, and the wily Chinee put five sets of bones in each coffin.

A STROLL THROUGH A WESTERN "CITY."

Lion went with me. He was a very big dog, with a leather muzzle on to keep him from biting the Siwashes. (*Siwash* is a corruption of *Sauvage*, and is the general name by which the various tribes of Indians to the west of the Rockies are known.) We went down the village, and the Chinese took more interest in Lion than in me—he had evidently established his character in Yale. We passed out by the Rancherie of the Siwashes and the Chinese burial-ground, and out on the mountain side. Lovely butterflies, tropically gorgeous and of enormous size, flew past under the

burning sun. We saw some of the old wagons which were dragged by teams of mules before the C.P.R. engines whistled in this cañon, and the bones of a mule which died on the road. Then we turned back to the Rancherie, and interviewed some of the Indians, but Lion left me, disgusted that I made friends with Redskins.

The Siwashes are more civilized than their brethren on our side of the Rocky Mountains. They live in huts, and fish, or work even on the railroad. Some are Roman Catholics. David, an Indian with whom I talked, was himself a Roman Catholic,

INDIAN SALMON 'CACHE.'

but said the priest had not been at Yale yet that year. There is a Roman chapel, and a tiny Indian burial-ground, with curious carved devices on some of the graves. Four rude canoes were stuck on the posts at each corner of the grave.

MY SIWASH GUIDE.

The mountains round Yale are very noble, very precipitous and bold. With an Indian youth as my guide, the ascent became chiefly a matter of muscle and wind.

As we went up and up through the bull-pine, fir trees, balsams, and larches, we left the village away far below us; the little houses grew smaller, the mighty Fraser River became a stream; fresh ranges of mountains came in sight which had not been seen from below, and behind all were the snow-capped Hope Mountains, piercing the blue summer sky.

Readers of *A Sportsman's Eden* will remember these same Hope Mountains, and the Grizzly Bears and Big-Horns roaming about and coming across Mr. Philips-Wolley's line of fire. I had nothing but a walking-stick for the bears, but they most considerately kept out of the way.

We rested in a dell, and Isaac, my guide, gave me the names of surrounding objects in Fraser River Indian. Fir tree—*kockla;* poplar—*hietza;* grass—*sparka;* stone—*sbarl.* Isaac is a yellow-skinned Fraser River Indian about sixteen. He can speak a few words in English, but was taciturn enough for one of Fenimore Cooper's noble

savages. We tried to kill a snake between us, but the reptile escaped.

Isaac's father is called Captain Tom; but Isaac lives with his half-brother, George, who is the Mission interpreter. He did not like being cross-examined even in a friendly way. He told me that he did nothing, and did not know what he was going to be or do when a man. He knew that there were bears around us. He had not travelled far, but had canoed down the Fraser River to New Westminster. He had been baptized, and knew that JESUS CHRIST was nailed to the cross for him. He went to church sometimes. Isaac was not a favourable specimen of the native Christian, yet he was quite as good as most English boys.

I made the acquaintance of the Mission doctor, Dr. A. Pearse, who works among the Indians, and we went a walk together up the cañon, and looked in at the joss-house, where a smiling Chinee seemed pleased to see us.

IN A GOLD AND SILVER MINE.

Away up the high fir-clad mountains I climbed, following a trail for some miles, while the hot sun poured down and the streams rushed past from melting snows above, until at last I found signs of miners' work.

Thomas Ratelin, with his cousin, recently from Cornwall, was driving a drift, in the daily expectation of coming on a "find." "Hello!" I shouted down the dark drift; and back from the mountain's heart came a responsive telephonic shout, "Hello!"

One of the lights moved out to me, and its bearer seemed astonished to find an Englishman so far up the trail. I followed him up the tunnel, and stood by whilst he swung his great hammer, with a "Ugh!" forced from his lungs at each blow. At last we were ready to fire several shots, and retreated hurriedly into the open air, and sitting on a log, waited for the thundering bangs which soon went echoing through the mountains.

This was one of three tunnels, and they gave me specimens of the minerals obtained. A miner has to take out a licence from Government, and then he may settle down on any unclaimed spot and stake it off, and on making an application it becomes his own. Miners make from one dollar a day up to one hundred dollars, but more often near the former amount. My friends the Columbian miners shared their lunch with me, and then I started off up the mountains and attempted to get to the summit of one great mass, but only lost my way.

THE INDIAN MISSION.

My chief object in stopping at Yale was to see some of the work among the Fraser River Indians. I found that Bishop Sillitoe had the previous day gone up to Lytton, to be present at the great annual gathering of the Indians at Britannia (or Treatannia), some sixteen miles from the station at Lytton. If I had known in time, I should have made a great effort to have joined them. All the Church Indians meet together once a

year, and the Bishop with his clergy prepare them for Confirmation or Baptism, as the case may be. At the end of the week the rite is celebrated, and afterwards there is the Holy Communion. The Bishop had a tent for a church. I shall always be glad that I stayed at Yale, and saw a little of the good work going on among the Indian and half-breed children.

"Where is the Mission school?" I inquired at the station. "Do you see that white house with the verandah, there among the trees near the railway? That is where the Sisters have their school." I had dinner at the chief wooden erection in the village, kept by a kind-hearted woman, Mrs. Reavespeach, and called the Railroad Hotel. Here I came in contact with Western miners, railroad-men, and the Hudson Bay agent. After dinner I set out for the Mission. Down the line and along the road, until at last I was at the gate under the trees, and walked up to the verandah, where stood a little table with some books and a chair. From the woods round the house came merry laughter as I stood, having rung the bell.

Masses of creeping plants hung and grew in profusion, forming a curtain to the verandah, but leaving an opening, a great frame to the glorious mountains and swift river, and a wooden bridge within a stone's throw carrying the rails of the C.P.R. across a ravine. Sister Alice, the sister-in-charge, soon came into the room into which I had been shown, and welcomed me to the Mission. The Mother Superior had not been well, and was resting at New Westminster.

THE SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

It was very delightful and inspiring to see these perfect ladies living here out of the world amongst miners, and Chinamen, and Siwashes, and to find how the people loved them. The sister-in-charge showed me through the buildings and told me of their plans for the future. They had Indians and half-breeds, but intended to receive white children also, placing them in a separate wing, and with the fees for the white children to help the funds required for supporting the Siwash children.

We saw the dormitories, all neat and sweet—the fresh air blowing through the open windows—and the school-room where the lessons are gone through. The Indian children are very quick at figures.

Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday are observed as holidays, and on Monday the girls went down the Fraser River in canoes, experienced Indians at the paddles. To-day the girls were all in the garden. One set had rigged up a wigwam with their shawls and cloaks, and a bright-eyed little Siwash peeped knowingly through the window of the wigwam, and all seemed full of fun. Another party were fishing in the stream, and found it pleasant in the heat to dabble with bare feet in the cold rushing water.

The oldest, a half-breed—Mary Schwartz (her father is of German extraction, her mother an Indian)—is now advanced to the post of cook. One has gone into service, and one wishes to go back to her tribe to teach them. Sometimes they

go home for a holiday, but they like to come back to the Sisters. The Sisters have found them very tractable, and the half-breed children have turned out better than they expected. Half-breeds are generally credited with unreliability of character.

To raise sufficient funds the Sisters have gone out each year collecting, and have journeyed as far as California, always receiving courtesy, and often something more solid and helpful.

OUR EARLY SERVICE.

There had been no clergyman at Yale on Whit-Sunday, so I suggested that we should have a Celebration of the Holy Communion at seven o'clock in the morning, before I left.

In the little, pretty wooden church, whose chancel and altar fittings so plainly spoke of taste and devotion, we gathered in the early morning—five Indian maidens and three English ladies. The church was decorated the previous evening by two of the ladies, assisted by willing Indian hands. I shall not forget that service. Near the door crouched an Indian named George, who rang the bell; outside on the steps an old Indian had warmly shaken me by the hand as I entered. We had our service in the "Englishman's Church." There is also another called the Indian's Church, whose services are held in Fraser River Indian dialect.

The girls at the Mission, however, understand English, and those present had been confirmed. Their devout and prayerful manner would teach

us all by example. So "He was made known to us in the Breaking of Bread" in that little wooden church by the rushing Fraser River. As I pronounced the Benediction, the west door being open, I could see the waving foliage, and across the railroad the white houses of the village.

Nearly 6000 miles from their homes do these brave women work in that beautiful vale. "GOD bless them!" is the benediction of many a rough man there, and I venture to add it as mine also.

As I went aboard the cars a kind note was placed in my hand. It runs as follows—

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I was not able to see you after the service this morning, but I am anxious to express to you our grateful thanks for your kindness in giving us a Celebration. We are much obliged also for the periodicals, they will give much pleasure to the children.

"Wishing you a pleasant and safe journey,

"I remain, dear and Rev. Sir,

"Yours faithfully in CHRIST,

"SISTER ALICE LOUISA,

"C. A. H.

Sister-in-Charge."

CHAPTER X

ON THE PACIFIC COAST

FROM Yale the run down to the coast, about 130 miles, is beautiful, though not grand as is the scenery above. At last we see the masts of large vessels lying at anchor or moored alongside wooden erections, and we know as we look out over a lovely sheet of water that we have come to the Pacific Ocean, or at all events to an arm of the sea—Burrard Inlet. The Fraser River has its mouth a few miles further south of this spot, after it has passed New Westminster with its salmon canneries.

VANCOUVER CITY.

The terminus of this railway line of 3000 miles is in the new "city" called "Vancouver." In 1881 it was forest, in 1891 it had a population of about 14,000, and has been rapidly increasing since. In 1887 it was burnt to the ground, but in a few weeks it rose again. In fact while it was burning they commenced re-building.

The wonderful timber which grows here was a great help. The Douglas Fir grows to the height of nearly 300 feet, and is from twelve to fifteen feet

in diameter at its base. Planks, etc., can be sawn and used without seasoning. Lovely scenes met one on land or on the water. Burrard Inlet is a noble mountain-girt expanse of sea-water. A sheet of greenish-blue crystal stretched unruffled under an azure sky, and some few miles away at the other side of this broad Sound, the lofty Cascade Mountains cut into the sky in sharp serrated outlines; but though miles away, every detail clear in this most transparent atmosphere. Far out on the broad waters an Indian sat in one of those sharp-prowed sea-canoes of the Songhish, or more Northern Pacific coast Indians. He was fishing.

AN ENORMOUS FONT.

I visited the church of which the Rev. H. G. F. Clinton is rector. He is doing a great work, and is a favourite with the young men. The font is made out of a huge boulder, carved and hewn, and standing on other great slabs. One could almost immerse an adult in it. It lay here as a great stone among the trees for centuries before this was chosen as a site for the church. The clergy were all in synod to-day at New Westminster, under the presidency of good Bishop Sillitoe, who has passed to his rest, after a most self-denying episcopate.

THE HOSPITAL.

Adjoining the church, which is a tasteful wooden structure of Elizabethan design, is an hospital,

managed by Sister Francis. This is a great boon to the town. The Sister also looks after servant girls coming from England, and provides them with homes, and keeps up a friendship with them. Mr. Clinton, among many other duties, undertakes those of chaplain of the hospital.

STEAMER FROM JAPAN.

The S.S. *Parthia* arrived this morning from Yokohama, having previously touched at Hong Kong and other ports. She had on board 150 Chinese. They have to pay fifty dollars each (about £10) for permission to land. They had not been passed, and were crowded 'tween decks, where I visited them, and found a strongly-pervading Celestial odour. On the *Parthia* also had come two parishioners from Roker, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who had been taking a trip right round the world.

The rector of St. James' very kindly answered some queries in the following letter, which is most important for those who are thinking of emigration.

"VANCOUVER, B.C.,
"*September* 9.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I had found out the Robson family soon after they landed, and when I had your message, I told him to write at once, which he promised to do. He has not been very successful in obtaining employment here at present, though he has some kind of desultory work to do. Andrews is in the choir, and a very useful voice. He is doing well

enough now, though he had a little difficulty at first in obtaining work; now he is employed by a wholesale liquor firm as, I believe, warehouseman.

"Andrews is a man with plenty of push, and a fund of hope always in reserve, and that is the kind of immigrant who is pretty certain to do well out here. There are three kinds of men whose arrival brings me anxiety—

"1.—*Those who are absolutely destitute of money—'dead broke' as we say.* Every one should have enough spare cash to carry him over the first two months at least, and that means not less than £10, but double or treble that if possible. For the best workman cannot make sure of getting work at once, and in a general way a man has to get known by other men in the place in order to get work. Of course there are very many cases where a man does get work almost immediately, but these are rather the exceptions.

"2.—*Those who have got no push in them, and if they are not fortunate in obtaining employment at once, give up trying, and lose heart.* There are many who are out here for months without getting anything to do, while others with no more ability, but more of what is called 'luck,' step into places which they might have got. Of course one must not be too sweeping in making such a statement, for after all there are some whose failure to get on is not to be explained thus, and can only be put down to want of luck. But still, a man without plenty of push has, I fear, not much chance out here.

"3.—*Those who will not take the first thing that offers, or having taken a job will not stick to it till*

they can get a better. It is no use coming out here with the determination only to take one particular kind of work. The men who get on best are those who are not above taking anything. I have met with too many who will pick and choose instead of taking the first thing that came; and I have known too many who are continually throwing up a job because they are not satisfied. Such men soon get the character of 'loafers,' and are like the dog with the bad name. This a bad place for idle men; there is such abundance of temptations in the whisky shops or saloons, as they are called, and there are practically no other places for many to pass their time, and so it comes to pass that idleness, and that, perhaps, of no fault of theirs, as far as one can see, is often the highway to ruin of body and soul.

"Every one that comes out should have some trade if he means to work, for even if he cannot get work at that particular trade, he is used to work, and knows what work means; and, indeed, there are few 'soft,' *i.e.* easy places, for any one here. The young gentleman who has never done anything had better stop with his friends at home until he has learnt to work, and work hard. We have too many of these young gentlemen who know nothing useful in the colonies.

"Of course, those I like to see come out are the opposite in character and condition to them I have spoken of, and besides, they are true and staunch Churchmen. I think, too, that they ought to have reached a sober age—say twenty-four at least—if they are coming out independently.

COMMENDATORY LETTERS.

"I would like to press upon the clergy at home, that they give them who go from their churches letters to the clergy into whose parishes they are going, which they may present upon their arrival. To write to the clergy direct, and omit to give letters to the immigrants, is frequently a disappointment on all sides, as it is sometimes, or generally, almost an impossibility to find the person about whom the letter is written, in a place which is every week crowded with new arrivals. I would also recommend that the clergy take the trouble to write to those who have gone from among them, impressing upon them their duty of finding out the church and the parish priest. So many become careless, and get into bad ways, who might be brought into touch with the Church here by a friendly reminder from the clergymen at home.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"There are at present openings for good domestic servant girls. But they should be selected with great care. The temptations to servant girls are very great here, so that on the moral side of the question the greatest care in selection should be made, and those in whose morals the fullest confidence cannot be placed should not be allowed to come here. The work is hard, in many cases very hard, and, therefore, no girls who are lazy, or unused to hard work, or who are not ready to do

far more than as a rule is demanded of servant girls at home, are likely to be of use. With many instances of failure from both these points of view, in my mind, I feel most strongly that greater care should be exercised than has been hitherto. I cannot altogether acquit the —— Society of want of care in these respects.

"All Church girls should also be communicants, and should be sent direct to the clergy. St. Luke's Home in this town has for one of its objects the caring for servant girls, and all sent to Vancouver should be sent to this institution. There is nothing new, I know, in these observations, but I think they are none the worse for that. I have only to add this piece of advice, that in many cases *it would be far better to communicate with the clergy of the different places, and wait for their answer before deciding as to emigration.* There are many who would now be much better off remaining in old England had this advice been acted upon. It is better to wait six weeks, for that is all it means in these days of rapid travel, than to find too late that the step was a mistake.

"Yours very sincerely,

"H. G. F. CLINTON."

TO VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Though my ticket is to Vancouver, yet it does not take me to Vancouver Island. I have to purchase a steamer-ticket still. We sail out among the tree-covered islets, and over the blue waters of this Pacific fiord, and coasting along

Vancouver Island we at last come round a promontory, and Victoria lies on the hillside, the wooden square tower of the cathedral high up above all.

THE CITY OF VICTORIA.

The habitation of the Mossbacks. Mossback is not a kind of Indian. It is the Yankee Canadian description of the easy-going Englishman, who prefers to work on steadily to killing himself by the frenzy of business excitement, by which his brethren on the mainland wear themselves out prematurely. The Victorian moves so leisurely, says the cute Yankee (or the Canadian from the east, still cuter), that the moss has time to grow on his back.

Much more English is it than any town on the American continent. One sees hansom cabs, and British Jack Tars, and red-coated marines, and yet quaintly mixed with them hosts of Chinese, and groups of Songhish Indians.

On the crest of the town is the cathedral, where the Bishop of Columbia officiates. The Rector of the cathedral (answering in a modified way to the Dean in our land) is the Rev. Arthur J. Beanlands, a graduate of Durham University, and well known in that city. His grandfather and a grandfather of the writer were cousins. He resides in the pleasant rectory adjoining the cathedral, where I am now writing. From my window I can see the Sound, and at night the full moon shines on the still waters. Canon Beanlands does a good work here, and is spoken highly of by all. The cathedral is

furnished in good taste, and though a wooden building, is handsome.

From the battlemented roof of the high square wooden tower we had an extensive view. Down below, like a model, lay the houses and harbour, and the smooth sea beyond. My friend and guide, the clerk of the church, was delightfully talkative, and pointed out the Chinese burial-ground, assured me that he had seen Mount Baker, on the mainland, vomit flame, recounted his hair-breadth escapes in the harbour, and told me of the poor lad who was drowned and was to be buried on Sunday; and as we climbed down the ladder, and the pigeons flew from their nests, he inveighed against choir-boys who came up here on Sunday and caught these doves, etc., etc.

ESQUIMAULT.

My host and I walked out some three or four miles one hot June afternoon to see over the arsenal and dockyard for our North Pacific Squadron. We passed through the streets of Victoria with their wooden side walks, and tall telephone poles and taller electric light posts, past the post-office, and English shops, over the bridge, across an arm of the Sound, through the Indian Reservation, for some distance down the Island Railway (Esquimault and Nanaimo Railway), and for some miles along the edge of the woods, emerging at last near the pretty church at Esquimault, which is attended by the men-o'-wars men and marines.

We saw the great stone dry-dock, and looked out at the *Amphion*, the *Swiftsure*, and the *Icarus*, floating in the bay, and had a talk with a sensible salt.

"I won't believe the fleet goes to the Behring Sea about these sealers till it really leaves. We expect H.M.S. *Champion* every moment, she is overdue now, and then the ships go round to Burrard Inlet and Dominion Bay.

"Yes, there is a good number of deserters to the States. They think they've got to an El Dorado, but many of 'em would come back to-morrow if they thought they would escape punishment."

I met the chaplain of the flagship up at Mr. Innis's house in the dockyard grounds. Mr. Innis, the naval agent here, is a strong Churchman, has done much to improve Esquimault Church.

A few days after my return, a courageous young lady set out from our next parish (Whitburn) and journeyed across North America to be married in this same Esquimault Church. I was able to give her some practical advice about her journey; and being brave, kind-hearted, and capable, she travelled the 6000 miles without losing either her temper or her luggage, and "cabled" the news of her wedding home, so that it was in the English papers next day.

SONGHISH INDIANS.

On the Island of Vancouver and on the North Pacific fiords are a great number of Indians

different to any in the prairies, and slightly different from the Thompson and Fraser River Indians. They have long wooden canoes with raised bows, from which they catch fish, and in which they journey great distances down the coast with their families and tents. They bring in curiosities and weapons to sell. There are dealers in one street in the town, and you will see the Indians sitting on the floor with bows and arrows, or carvings out of deer's horn or stone, and useful bark mats. Then having got a little money, they are to be seen with open eyes at the shops, and they purchase something bright and gay. The women seem fond of red shawls.

THE CHINOOK DIALECT.

A means of communication with all the Indians is the Chinook jargon, a language invented by the Hudson Bay Co., a *lingua Franca* of the West, to be learned in a fortnight. It has grown out of Canadian-French words and Indian words used by rough English traders, and some English words clipped and debased by being used by Indians. It is amusingly expressive.

I purchased at Mr. Hibben's store in Government Street, a Chinook Dictionary of the Indian trade language of the North Pacific Coast. Let me extract a few euphonious examples:—

Water	*Chuck.*
Food (or to eat)	*Muckamuck.*
To drink (viz. to eat water) ...	*Muckamuck chuck.*
Wife	*Klootchman.*

The heart or will	*Tumtum.*
A brave heart	*Skookum tumtum.*
Sailing-vessel	*Stick ship.*
Steamer	*Piah-ship.*
Sea	*Salt chuck.*
Hungry	*Olo.*
Thirsty	*Olo-chuck.*
Worn-out	*Oleman.*
Worn-out horse	*Oleman kiutan.*

The Indian greeting in Chinook is "*Kla-how-ya.*" It originated thus, we are told (*Track and Trail*, p. 205). The Indians heard Sir James Douglas address his second in command when they met, with "Clark, how are you?" This they imitated as best they could, and produced "*Kla-how-ya.*"

We visited an encampment on the Indian Reservation, and found a number of Coast Indians with their great canoes made fast to the shore. In one was a young Indian playing a concertina he had just purchased. Others in tents on the grass, or playing cards with much earnestness, probably gambling. We saw a white man among them, who had probably married a *kloochman* (an Indian squaw), and thrown in his lot with the Indians, to become more degraded than they. Good missionaries are working among these North Pacific Indians, and notably among the Queen Charlotte Islanders and Kitkatlas, who are in the diocese of New Caledonia. Dr. Vernon Ardagh, who was the house-surgeon at our Monkwearmouth Hospital, is now a medical missionary (C. M. S.) on this North Pacific Mission. I purchased to-day one of the ghastly wooden mask-faces which these Indians use in their *potlach*

dances, its high cheek-bones and Mongol eyes fairly representing the Songhish type.

CELESTIALS AT VICTORIA.

The town swarms with mild-faced Chinamen. In one part (China-town) the streets are entirely Chinese—you might be in Hong Kong. You see all the signs in Chinese characters, and bows of ribbon and gold-paper ornaments of a religious nature over the doors. I looked in at a barber's shop, and smiled internally as I saw the Chinese solemnly having their heads shaved and their pig-tails dressed. There are about 3000 Chinese and 9000 white people in the town. The Chinese all dress alike, in blue cloth, in the street, with a felt hat, whose crown is large enough to contain the pigtail when neatly curled up on the head. The women toddle across the streets of China-town with queer little feet in queer boots.

A CHINESE TEMPLE.

We went into the joss-house, and I was much impressed with the gorgeousness of the interior, or rather its gaudiness. A representation of some deity—a Chinese figure with a beard—sat in a shrine, cross-legged. Before him were offerings of cold tea and fish. I put my finger into the cold tea, and found it rather weak. The idol was easily pleased. Round the room, which was a long up-stairs chamber, were Chinese standards, sacred gongs, a sacred umbrella, a painted bell,

and pigeon-holes, with lucky texts inside to choose from. These wise men of the East were worshipping the personification of something—perhaps the god of merchandise, or the god of travels. I have only a slight knowledge of Chinese mythology. Yet one realizes a little of the difficulties in the way of evangelizing China's millions.

There were no worshippers while we were in the temple, and the Chinese who passed through did not show any signs of being impressed. I do not know whether the Chinese really fall down and worship the graven image which they have set up. I fancy they are too worldly here to be very religious even in an idolatrous fashion. They reverence their ancestors and are very kind, I am told, to their parents even in life.

CHINESE SERVANTS.

There are Chinamen servants in every good house. They get about £40 a year, and cook perfectly, and do household work, and keep everything clean and orderly. Ah Lee is the young Chinaman at the rectory. He wears a clean, white linen dress; his pigtail is coiled on the top of his head. He is absorbed and intent in his work, rarely speaks, and only smiles when trying to please little Miss Dorothy, the golden-haired mistress of three summers. We wanted to see the Chinese theatre, where the play lasts for days and days, and Chinese life is depicted with strict propriety.

"Ah Lee, is theatre now in China-town?"

"No, Misr Beanlands; no more again. Gone Portland; not 'nough Chinee this place."

The question of Christianizing the Chinese is a very difficult one. A native Christian from Southern China would, it is thought, do the best. They pretend not to understand, and perhaps they do not understand much, when any clergyman talks to them. Ladies have a great power over them. Worldliness, and the indifferent life of Christians, are great barriers to missionary work. I was told that the Methodists had succeeded in converting some few Chinese. I am thankful to know that our Church is now making efforts to reach these Chinese in Canada. At Vancouver there is a Chinese catechist, and a class is regularly held. If only some of these Chinese could go home full of Christ, what a blessing they might be in China. Too often they take back an indifferent testimony to the effects of our religion.

Chinese have to pay fifty dollars now to Government before they are permitted to land from China. Everywhere one is told of the failure of English servants. Many a mistress here would willingly advance the expense of the journey to get a good servant out, but so often they get spoilt, even on the journey, by acquiring too great notions of their importance. They very soon get married, and often to men of considerable position. I hope that they always refund their passage-money in this case.

A VISIT TO THE STATES.—SEATTLE AND TACOMA.

Away in the west of the United States, near the Pacific, and on an arm of the sea called Puget Sound, are two sister cities, or rather, rival cities—Seattle (pronounced "See-attle") and Tacoma. They are worthy of a trip from Victoria.

Marvellous examples of sudden growth! A few years ago forest and prairie, now electric tramcars, steam-trams, cable-trams, telephones, huge hotels, stone churches, etc. Yet, great stumps of enormous trees rise here and there to remind us of their modern origin.

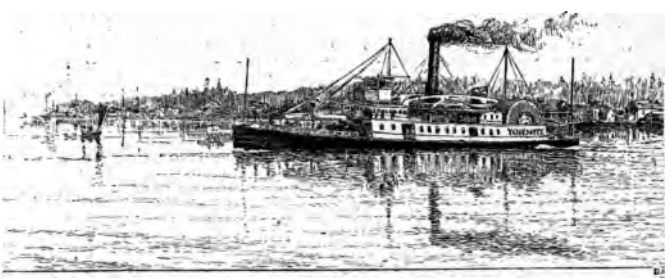
A BURNT CITY.

On my railroad journey across the Continent the whole train full of people surged and clamoured in excitement one day as an official came in with news that Seattle, with a population of 30,000, had been burnt to the ground. Many of our emigrants were bound for this bustling, growing city, and they were stunned by the news. Yet they decided to go on, for they soon heard that labour would be wanted, and that it was only the business part of the city that was destroyed.

I sailed to Seattle from Victoria and found the ruins still smoking, and the hose of the firemen still at work. Martial law prevailed in the city, and a United States soldier, with loaded rifle, kept us from wandering too far through the acres of burnt buildings. Solid brick and iron buildings

were already rising from the smoking ground, and, like Chicago, Seattle will probably be all the better for being burnt, and a Phœnix should appear on its city arms.

It was a hot June afternoon, after some nine hours' steaming, when we arrived, and our attention was at once drawn to the white tents pitched everywhere to accommodate the houseless and the labourers. About twenty Chinese landed from the



THE 'YOSEMITE' LEAVING VANCOUVER.

S.S. *North Pacific*, and with their bundles suspended at opposite ends of a long bamboo, they ascended the steep streets in single file, provoking sallies of wit from the settlers, who dubbed them the Chinese Militia.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Some three hours up the Sound and we were at the city which takes its name from Mount Tacoma (or Mount Rainier), whose snowy summit astonished us as it thrust its noble head through

the clouds, or blushed in the setting sun all glowing and rosy some 14,000 feet above us (or rather, to be correct, 14,444 feet above the level of the sea).

Captain George Vancouver (he who gave the name to Vancouver Island) discovered Puget Sound in May 1792, and named this mountain after Rear-Admiral Rainier, of our English Navy. The original Indian name, "Tacoma," means "Near to Heaven."

At Bishop's House, I and my friend received a warm welcome, and found Bishop Paddock indeed "given to hospitality." The last time I had seen the good Bishop was on the grassy lawn at Auckland Castle, on that ever-memorable August afternoon, when Bishops from all the world over met in the chapel re-built by Bishop Cozen and restored by Bishop Lightfoot.

There are two or three churches already in the town, and another is being built. The city is the terminus of one of the three great railway lines which lead to the Pacific, viz. "Northern Pacific Railway." There are about 30,000 inhabitants.

TRINITY SUNDAY IN TACOMA.

The church of the Good Shepherd was crowded in the morning, when an excellent sermon was preached by an English friend on "GOD is love." The service was at eleven a.m., and was simply the Holy Communion Office. From 12.30 to two was the Sunday-school. A curious time, but chosen because convenient to teachers, who live some

distance from the church and are present at morning service.

I spoke to them at a kind of children's service with which they close, and found them very intelligent. Such bright children. "Is everything true that is in the Bible?" asked a sharp boy whom I was teaching. He was much interested to find that it was, and commenced by showing to his friend the description of heaven in the Apocalypse, telling him it was *all true.*

"IT WAS LAID."

So ran the newspaper heading in the account of a foundation-stone laying. The stone of a new church at Tacoma was laid on Trinity Sunday at five p.m. The Bishop and clergy in their robes took part in the service. We stood among the green young trees on a hill which overlooked the blue waters of the Sound, and could see the snowy mountains beyond. No house near, but the neighbourhood staked out in future streets. *It was confidently expected that the church would be surrounded by houses before it was finished.* They built indeed in hope.

The Bishop spoke very ably, and the Rev. J. Hylands, formerly a pioneer missionary clergyman, told us of his work in the Sound before a house of the present town was built. I was called upon as a representative of the old Church and the old country, and as I stood there in the centre of such an assemblage of earnest American Church folk, I reminded them how that we in England were

united to them by a stronger bond than language or race—fellowship through the Church of that MASTER in whose arms we all had been laid, and also by the bonds of sympathy and prayer.

THE OLDEST BELL TOWER IN U.S.A.

At Old Tacoma, the original settlement, some little distance from the great modern town, is the first church—a quaint, wooden structure, with one of the big trees of the Pacific coast, some twenty feet in diameter at the base, raising its stump about fifty feet from the ground. On the top is erected a neat bell turret, and the bell is swung by a long rope going down into the chapel. The tree is about 175 years old, and so is said to be "the oldest belfry in the (Western ?) States."

I read the prayers at evening service, and being no longer in Her Britannic Majesty's dominions, I had to be careful to follow the American edition of our Prayer-book. "None of your Johnny Bull arrangements, remember," said a good-natured Tacomite to me, smilingly, just before service. So we prayed for the President instead of the Queen, and observed the verbal differences. The vigorous Western twang given to the familiar responses was a little upsetting to my gravity.

Since my first visit to this continent Bishop Paddock has passed away; also Bishop Hills, Bishop of British Columbia, and Bishop Sillitoe of New Westminster, and Bishop Williams of Quebec.

Ten p.m., Trinity Sunday. "Across the Pacific westwards and across Russia in Asia and in Europe,

and across the Baltic and North Sea to the shores of England, it is broad daylight as it is here, but across the American continent, and over the waves of the Atlantic, hangs now the dark pall of night. There is a night between us and England to the east, and a long day between us and England to the west."

But now let us journey homewards and leap over some 2000 miles.

CHAPTER XI

A Ride on a Cow-catcher

The limits of this book will not permit me to describe the homeward journey, or to write of the alternate route by the Great Lakes. Others have effectively described Niagara, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, and I must content myself with relating an experience of some years ago in the Eastern townships, when staying with the Principal of Lennoxville University. I had made the acquaintance of an official on the great C.P.R., who wrote this order for me—

> TO ALL ENGINEERS.
>
> Permit the bearer, Mr. Boddy, to ride on your engine.
>
> Frank Dale, M.M.

Accompany me then as I take my seat in the cabin of Engine 205, C.P.R. (It was one of my earliest Transatlantic experiences, and I was more boyish then than now.) The engineer sends the locomotive forward, panting out black balloons of thick sooty smoke from the "smoke stack"; the fireman pulls the long line which swings the great

brass bell, hanging near the whistle, as we pass the level crossing at Lennoxville, where buckboards and slat-carts are kept in hand, and the horses nervously gaze on the fiery monster.

Pant-pant, whiff-whoff, ding-dong, creak, wheeze, and we roar through the covered bridge over Massawippi's brown flood and rush out into the forest, charging along a winding avenue of Canadian firs. Birds fly out of the way as we make 144 revolutions per minute of our driving-wheel, 5 ft. 8 in. in diameter.

Panting as we climb up-grades and smoothly dashing on down-grades, we ere long see the houses of a village in the open country before us, and the gilt spire of its church, and then pass a yoke of patient oxen ploughing or stone drawing.

"Johnville, Johnville." "All aboard, all aboard." We rattle along, and at Bulwer we have the excitement of getting a freight car on to the track. It had run off at the "switch" (points). In this district the whole of the ends of two lines are moved instead of the tongues which we call "points" at home.

"Three cars," sings the fireman—"Two cars"—"Half-a-car"—"Just a little mite." These are instructions to the engineer as to the distance he is to send on the engine. "Draw pin" (we should say "uncouple"). Then the engine is detached from the train, and with a good pull reinstates the long freight wagon on the track. These freight cars are from fifty to sixty feet long.

Away we hurry in the brilliant sunshine. Leaving Cookshine, we dash through the long wooden

bridge over the river. Through the bridge, because the bridges over the rivers in this district have roofs and sides to keep out the winter snow. They are like long barns, but with no planks on the floor joists, so that you look down from the engine through the ties (sleepers) to the rushing river beneath. Where the line is exposed in the open country high hoardings are erected to catch the drifting snow; they look like advertising hoardings without placards upon them.

For hours we journey along, stopping at little country stations, where fresh-looking Canadians crowd the low platforms, and curious vehicles drive through the surrounding clearing. The sun gets lower, and as we travel east the long shadow cast by the engine travels swiftly before us along the track, or ripples through the fir trees as we circle round a curve.

Nearly seven in the morning is it when Lake Megantic bursts upon us from the valley behind the woods on our right. Ice-floes and floating timber fill some of the bays. Violet cloudlets float high above the snow-streaked mountains. Fir trees on the crest of the western hills stand out in dark relief silhouetted against the sunset sky. The river rushing swiftly from the lake has burst its bonds and tears round the railway bridge. Red-hot water seems to flow amidst the ice and logs, for the sky reflected gleams through them as through a network.

WHAT IS A COW-CATCHER?

It is a sort of grid-like plough fastened to the front of the engine and nearly scraping the rails, so that if the train meets with any movable obstruction it shall be pushed on one side. A fallen tree, a flock of sheep, an exploring pig, a cariboo, or even a "grizzly" would be probably sent to the right-about by this contrivance. It does not strictly catch cows, it rather "does" for them and flings them suddenly into the ditch. When the train was well under way in the early morning (after a night in a wooden French hostelry) I opened one of the front windows of the engine cabin. The crisp mountain air dashed in as we toiled up the side of the lovely lake Megantic. Squeezing through the narrow opening I was outside now, holding on to the long brass rod fastened to the boiler. The engine rolled and jumped as we banged along, but, holding on tightly, I passed forward and stepped down on to the iron shelf above the cow-grid. Here was a huge, thick rope, with iron hooks, coiled like a great boa-constrictor, and ready to be used in parallel shunting. On these coils I sat me down, holding on tightly to one of the lamp-holders, and resting my right heel in the link of a stout iron rod.

To enable the engines to shunt trucks and carriages there is an enormously strong bar fastened in front, as thick as a muscular man's arm. It is fastened to the centre of the buffer plank by a correspondingly stout link, and when not in

action this stout rod lies down in front of the catcher.

I was told that the day previously the train had run into a span of oxen crossing the line, and that this rod had speared and transfixed one ox and carried it for half-a-mile, and it was so firmly fastened to the locomotive that they had to stop the train and cut it away.

The unclouded sun beats down, but we cannot feel it, for, as we fly along through space we cut our way through the still air at so great a speed that it becomes a gale. Cold and dry is this wind, for the forest glades on either side of the line are still deep with the winter's snow.

Though we see the heat glimmer dancing above the track before us, when we come to the spot we only feel a passing lukewarm breath, and all is cold again until we pull up, and then the fierce sun blazes and scorches and frizzles with all his might. But now we are rattling along at full speed. I feel that the whole train is behind me, and that I am leading the way.

The long line of rails stretches ahead through the forest, and every moment the scene is changing and new beauties ahead are evolving themselves out of the mountains. Like a huge monster devouring miles of iron tape, so it is with us; the long rails come flying towards one and then disappear beneath the engine.

Great birds fly screaming athwart our track as we charge along, thundering out in agony, our engine gasping blasts of spark and soot.

My steed seems to have life and to be filled with

yearning to outstrip anything which nature can produce; sometimes we fly in comparative silence as we shoot along down-grades, and then we puff and toil as we pant and struggle along steep up-grades; we creak and jar as we whizz around sharp curves; with a bound we leap over chasms as we are held up by skeletons of wood. Oh, those trestle-bridges! Well for the occupants of the comfortable cars reading their papers that they see not the view from the cow-catcher.

Here is a trestle-bridge coming! Lean forward, my friend, while you hold on tightly to the iron frame. Look right through those open sleepers. Down, down far away below see the rushing brown river tearing at the rocks, and hear the roar of the rapids above the roar of the train. We are swiftly gliding across the fearful, scaffold-like bridge. What is to save us if any one of the wooden creaking beams, under our weight, snaps or is crushed out of position?

Ah! we breathe freely again, for we are over now, and dash again into the forest; but we do not forget the trestle-bridges. We shall be able to picture the scene next time we read in our papers of the plunging cars toppling over one another, and the drowning and the burning, and the crushing out of fair human lives. Those terrible trestle-bridges!

When you are comfortably seated in a drawing-room car you cannot realize the dangers, for you see none of them, though you seem to be in mid-air for a moment or two and then again amidst the trees which surround the line.

An old lady, very talkative, was telling the conductor that she was taking her first ride on the cars—never been in a train in her life before. She was very simple, and had some strange notions, which had been imposed upon her by some village wag. "They tell me that these cars are lifted over some of the gullies by balloons. Now, conductor, tell me if that is correct?" Just then the train shot out of the forest over a high trestle-bridge, without any rails and just a single track. On such a bridge you can see nothing from the car windows—you seem to be in mid-air. She held on tight to the sides of her seat and drew a long breath. In a moment the train was over, and as the trees re-appeared at each side of the car she gasped, "Thank goodness, conductor, we've come safe down again!"

But in fancy we are still on the front of Engine No. 205. We are slackening speed, and the great whistle gives a hoarse cry echoed back by the woods. White new wooden sheds are seen in an opening of the fir forest. Backwoodsmen and women and children come down to see the train, and some of them smile when they see an individual with a note-book seated above the cow-catcher. As the train stops I slide off and watch the passengers alight, and see their baggage set down on the edge of the wild forest.

As some shunting is to be done I walk along to examine the boundary between the British Dominions and the United States of America. It is marked by a square cast-iron post about a yard above the ground. Upon two sides appear in relief the words "Boundary, August 9, 1842."

On the States side are the words "Albert Smith, United States Commissioner," and on the other side, "Lieut.-Col. B. B. Estcourt, H.B.M. Commissioner." A very tattered "Stars and Stripes" hung sadly from a rude pole which some one had lashed to the boundary post.

In 1842 the Commissioners cut a track through the forests forty feet wide all along the boundary from peak to peak, and across the intervening valleys. Every quarter mile one of these posts was placed, and between a square granite stone.

The engine-bell rings, and as the engine begins its first pant I step on to the "catcher" and swing into my place again. Now the whole train dashes down into the United States of America. Two minutes ago we were amenable to British law, now we must do as the President tells us. It is all down-grade now to the end of the iron. About mid-day we come to the engineers' camp, and are soon enjoying a homely meal in a log hut among the "navvies."

Thousands of men of many nationalities are spending their days in the forest battling with fierce mosquitoes and other troubles, but pushing on bravely the work of completing a last link in the chain to connect the west with the open eastern ocean in winter-time. (It was soon after completed.) That same morning I return to my friends. As we approach Lennoxville we trumpet out hoarsely from the booming whistle the news of our return. We swing once more the brazen bell, and our huge lamp blazes and glares as we light up the interior of the covered bridge and roll again over Massawippi's swollen flood.

CHAPTER XII

HOMEWARDS WITH CATTLE

AGAIN we are in mid-ocean, more than a thousand miles from either shore, our bows bearing Britainwards and homewards. All around is the wide-stretching, lonely, tossing ocean. Then the wind veers round to the west, and there floats with us

THE ODOUR OF THE FARMYARD.

The lowing of oxen is in our ears. Well-fed, sleek bulls and bullocks and heifers munching their liberal rations all day long. On the promenade deck shuffle-board goes forward. In the smoking-room cribbage perhaps. In the saloon the piano is tinkling. Generous meals are being served with regularity and attractiveness, as on all other liners on the Atlantic. I might show you some of the other sides of life on this floating town—might take you to the hospital and let you hear the story of the stoker's risks from one recovering from scalds, or walk the deck with the officers and talk of ice and fog, or chat with the sailors, painting the boats, about their hard life—but we will confine our attention to the cattle and the cattle-men.

Five hundred and thirty head of cattle on board, representing more than £10,000 in value. Splendid beasts they seem to the unprofessional eye. They weigh, on an average, one thousand eight hundred pounds, and one huge bull is said to be two thousand seven hundred and odd pounds. They come by rail from farms in Ontario, where they have been stall-fed since December last. Their voyage expenses, first and last, are about £5 each. Durhams and Herefords crossed, and a strain of Ontario blended in, enormous flat backs and massive haunches. There they stand, fastened side by side, with a stout rope around their horns, some on the deck (the upper deck, but covered in), and also on the main deck below. On the lowest deck, from end to end, extends also a vast cow-byre or bull-pen. A narrow alley-way between

THESE HORNED BULLS,

whose heads are towards each other. One little prod, even in a playful way, would settle one altogether in passing between. A long trough beneath each head receives the feed of "mooly" (ground peas, meal, and flour). Then, when that is consumed, there is unlimited hay to eat, and a good drink from time to time of soft condensed water. The hay is sent on board in bales of about two hundred and forty pounds, enough to last for twelve days if necessary, and the allowance of "mooly" is a sack of seventy-five pounds a head. The water is sea-water condensed, and cooled afterwards in great barrels standing on the

decks, handy for the cattle-men to dip their buckets in.

The cattle are insured at the rate of two dollars a head (about 8*s.* 2*d.*). This covers loss by wreck, disease, bad weather, etc. The men in charge generally have the selection of those who shall work under them on the voyage. On this voyage there are two "bosses," representing different consignors, each tending their own cattle, and eighteen men. The steamship company carries free and feeds, and gives a return passage also to four men for each hundred head of cattle. The cattle "boss" gets 5*s.* 9*d.* a head, one of them told me, and pays about 1*s.* per head to the men whom he employs. A cattle boss can make some £20 to £30 a trip; but a month is covered altogether in going and returning. The cattle are carefully examined by officials sent over from England before they may be put on board ship at Montreal. Every beast on board this vessel has

V.R. STAMPED WITH RED PAINT

on its hide. They have also the consignor's marks. On arriving at Birkenhead, where all cattle are landed for the Liverpool port, they are not allowed to leave the lairs, but are slaughtered within ten days. The expense of the slaughtering falls on the purchaser if the sale takes place first, but if they are sold as meat the expense falls on the consignor. The salesman gets 5*s.* a head for every one sold. The average value of fat cattle, such as we are carrying, is £15 a head in Canada, the expense of

transit £5, so that they must at least sell for £20 to cover expenses.

On this voyage they have, so far, very good weather. It is always best for them to have good weather first, until they get somewhat used to the motion of the vessel, then they can bear more motion. In fine weather all the hatches are off, and there is good ventilation down to the lower deck. But if heavy weather comes the hatches are battened down, and the heat then becomes trying. The lowest deck is then the best, for the cold water round the vessel's sides helps to keep down the temperature, and the bad air all rises to the main deck, and the cattle there suffer the most.

In bad weather the cattle will not lie, but stand, and sometimes they die of exhaustion. The cattle on the upper deck (the spar deck) are often in the way of the green seas sweeping over the bows, and they suffer and get inflammation of the lungs. Sometimes a vessel goes ashore in a fog, and

THE CATTLE HAVE TO SWIM

through the surf. A sister boat to this ran ashore near Cape Pine, on the south coast of Newfoundland. We had passed her a few hours before, but strong currents and thick weather had caused her to get close in to the shore and to strike the land. Then, I am told, they erected a staging from the ship to the cliffs. All the sheep (480) were saved, but the cattle on the deck were drowned. All were insured in the British and Foreign, the Western Life Stock, and North American Insurance Com-

panies. The beasts are all fastened round the horns by a short rope. The cattle-men go round at night to see that they are not entangled. Sometimes one lies down, and the next one steps over it. Then if the recumbent one gets up there is trouble and some danger. They unloose the ropes then, and interchange them to suit their altered positions.

As we move along among the fat cattle in the semi-darkness of the lower main deck we can scarcely realize that we are more than a thousand miles from land. Suddenly we hear distinctly sounds of music. It is a passenger in the saloon, just above our heads, beguiling the time with Chopin. Half the world knows not how the other half lives.

THE CATTLE-MEN

are a difficult lot to manage. They seem a good deal mixed. Some have been in superior positions in life. Many are working their way homewards after bitter experiences. I have been told of one who was said to bear a title, which he dropped for the time. Some who have come out "saloon" have been thankful to work their way back as cattle-men. The L. & N.W. Railway at Alexandra Docks, Liverpool, and perhaps elsewhere also, will send a telegram gratis from any one who arrives home by steamer without money to pay for a ticket. If the friends are willing to pay for the railway journey, they do so at their own station, and when a satisfactory reply is received, a ticket is handed to the returning wanderer which "passes" him home.

One cattle-ship running to Bristol was met by a carriage which took off a young cattle-tender and drove first to a tailor's shop to rig out the young man in complete new clothes before he was driven to his father's house in Clifton. As a rule, however, there is no one to meet the cattle-men, and they often become wanderers on the face of the earth. They have to wait, at least a week, for a return vessel, and have to feed themselves in the meantime. One on board this ship is a young mechanic who tramped through Ontario seeking work, another a young countryman equally unfortunate, another has been a section-man (plate-layer) on the G.T.R., another has been a soldier, and since then a wholesale consumer of whisky, and more lately, he says, on the "staff" of a Liverpool paper. He also thinks that he is an artist. One, I believe, is a student going over to see England. Others are of the loafer class. They get about £1 each if effective. One "boss" complained that they were not always "on hand" when wanted, and difficult to manage. The other "boss," by a quick upward movement of his foot and a downward movement of his fist, explained to me his style of argument with his men when slow. One has crossed the Atlantic more than a hundred times, and he adds, "I don't know the road yet!"

"WILL YOU KINDLY PASS THE MARMALADE?"

said a wit, as they were having their rough, if plentiful, evening meal of bread-and-butter. They

were seated on the bales of hay on the lower deck, as I and a passenger were having a look at the cattle. Of course there was no marmalade, and this was just a mild joke brought out for our benefit. This same gentleman painted all the glass lamp-shades in the saloon, and festooned them with lovely flowers, not botanically accurate, but still they delighted the stewards and sailors. "Ye might paint me something on the inside of me bucket," said an Irish fireman in passing. "Yes, indeed, Pat; I'll paint a fat pig for you with a potato in its mouth." This provoked shouts of laughter from the bystanders.

"Don't you find it difficult to paint with such a crowd round you giving their opinions?" I said. "No, I don't; for I spend most of my time in saloons (public-houses) decorating whisky-bottles, and there's plenty of noise there." One day I asked him how much he could live on. He said, "Well, I made ten dollars a day in Chicago during the World's Fair, but I didn't find that enough." (This is at about the rate of £700 per annum!) He had been at the siege of Alexandria, etc.; had relations well to do, but deliberately walked on the downward path, scoffed at religion—said he didn't believe in the "lost sheep business," and cavilled at every movement for helping men—Salvation Army, Dr. Barnardo—all alike came under his disapproval as he held forth to an interested circle. Poor fellow, he had some good in him, I'm sure, but it was hard to get at. His one aim was to get whisky. He complained that his sister—a well-to-do lady in England—would have nothing

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"I expect that fellow will jump overboard before we get to Liverpool," said one of the officers to me.

"GOD has wondrous love for us all, and even that man may yet come round, though it seems so hopeless."

A STRANGE EPISODE.

I must tell you of one Sunday evening service and its sequel. It was our first Sunday, when we were still in the St. Lawrence. We held the service on deck, it was so warm and pleasant. The cattle lay around munching their hay, and cattle-men and sailors joined in the service, and sang the hymns heartily. As the LORD JESUS once came among cattle in the stable at Bethlehem, so I believe He was with us that lovely Sunday evening, as I pleaded with those whom He had come to seek and to save. The service ended, and we all went to rest as the darkness deepened and the daylight died.

Two evenings later a youth stepped out of the shadow of the alley-way, and asked permission to speak to me.

He said, "You'll despise me, I fear, for what I have to tell you, but after what you said on Sunday night I cannot help it." He said: "Some time ago, before I left home, I was serving my time as a mechanic in a fitting-shop. I went to Sunday-school, and the lads around me in the

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works chaffed me a good deal, and made out I was religious, and made game of me. To prove that I wasn't religious I joined them in a 'slanging' match, in which we all tried to swear the hardest.

"Some cursed the Name of GOD, some cursed the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and I said these words, 'Oh, HOLY GHOST, if there is a HOLY GHOST, strike me dead now.' They all stopped at that and said, 'He has won the belt,' meaning that I was the champion. Some of the men in the shop heard of it, and while some cracked me up for it, others spoke to me about it solemnly—they were religious men. I felt as if I had done for myself, and, when I spoke to one religious man, he said that I had committed the unpardonable sin of blasphemy against the HOLY GHOST.

"Well, I left home and came over to Ontario. I crossed in a cheap foreign ship, and had a bad time of it. I travelled the country, but found work hard to get. I got down very low. I had given up praying, but one day when I had had nothing to eat and was tramping the country, I prayed to GOD to have mercy on me and help me.

"It was a Sunday afternoon. I went up to a farmhouse and begged a drink, as I was parched. A rough farmer asked me if I did not want something to eat. I had a bit of pride, and foolishly said I could manage; I only wanted a drink. He took up a stick, and ordered me to come in at once, and told me to sit down with him at tea, and to eat a good square meal, or he would thrash me.

"He gave me a bed that night, and next day

gave me fifty cents to pay my fare down to Toronto, and gave me food to carry with me to Toronto, and told me to go to Mr. Thompson, who was sending cattle to England, and he would give me a passage. I began to think to myself that GOD could not have forsaken me if He could so wonderfully answer my prayers.

"When I got to Toronto, He answered my prayers again. You see I got the promise of a passage home in the ship to look after cattle, but it was a week yet to the day of sailing, and I had no money to buy food with now. So I prayed again to GOD to help me. He answered my prayer again, for the gentleman offered to keep me until I left, at a boarding-house.

"Now, don't you think, sir, that GOD cannot have forsaken me if He answers my prayers like that?"

"My dear fellow," I said, "are you truly sorry for the awful blasphemy?"

"Yes, indeed, I am," he replied.

"Who is it that puts that sorrow into your heart? The devil would not do it, only GOD Himself. GOD has not left you. The very fact of your penitence proves that you have not grieved the HOLY SPIRIT beyond forgiveness. He has brought you here on the *Toronto* to tell you through me, His ambassador, that He freely forgives. In His name, as His messenger, I promise you forgiveness through the blood of JESUS CHRIST, which cleanseth from all sin."

He was deeply thankful, and was comforted indeed. I could scarcely sleep in my bunk that

night for joy that the Lord had sought and saved that which was lost.

It was a clear, brilliant summer evening, as June was drawing to a close, that we

DREW NIGH TO LIVERPOOL.

The night before, at nine o'clock, on the Atlantic, we had sighted the light on Tory Island, off the wild Irish coast. Our organist had rushed down into the saloon and played "The Queen" frantically, as a token that the voyage was over, and the passengers were in some danger of temporary aberration of intellect. They were enthusiastically delighted.

Early in the morning I saw Rathlin Island abeam. About eleven we slowed off Donaghadee, and two old men in a boat came out from that quaint, clean, north Irish watering-place. They took off letters and telegrams back to the town with the high square church tower.

As the afternoon wore away we again circled round the Calf of Man and the Chickens. Evening drew on, and the Crosby lightship came in sight, and the line of buoys marking the channel into Liverpool, with a little jet of gas burning in each. We picked up a pilot, and got a *Liverpool Courier* and read the latest news.

We passed the marvellous dredger sucking up sand and water and sending the latter overboard. We named her

THE "MONTMORENCY FALLS."

Away ahead of us the noble *Majestic* was crossing the bar seven days out from New York. It was nearly low tide, but owing to this wonderful new dredger (which cost £60,000, I believe) we passed over without scraping. We passed the *Majestic* discharging her saloon passengers into the White Star tender (the *Magnetic*).

The sky was still lit up by the dying daylight, but all the lights on the shore and on the shipping were lit. The electric lights gleamed from every porthole of the noble ship as we passed by. Three booms from our whistle and out from the region of Alexandra Docks comes our tug with shore-hands to land the cattle. Up to Birkenhead, and then, turning slowly, we got to our berth at the Wallasey Lairs, very nearly crushing a barge which got between us and another big steamer. All ended well, however.

Now our passengers were to be landed. The four-footed ones I mean. What a lowing! What

A BOVINE PANDEMONIUM!

Doors were opened in the ship's side, gangways run up to the upper decks, and soon the landing-stage was alive with stiff-kneed, fat cattle, trying to trot, and uplifting their tails on high. From the upper deck down the gangway leaders could not be prevailed to descend. Some of the men pulled at the ropes on their horns, some pushed behind, and then came a rush of heavy cattle, and the first one was almost lifted off his legs and obliged to descend.

It was getting dark, and the scene was weird as we watched the black forms of our fellow-passengers as in the lamp-light they trotted off up to the lairs. In a few days they would be on the dinner-plates of Lancashire and Yorkshire—poor beasts!

On the other side of the ship the tender had made fast which was to take the passengers across to Liverpool. Farewells were exchanged. Captain, officers, stewards, cattle-men, sailors, boys, etc., all whose acquaintance one had made on the double voyage had now to be left behind. GOD bless the Atlantic steamers and those who sail in them!

The tender put off now, and we waved "Good-bye" as we crossed to the Prince's landing-stage. The Custom House officers having examined my luggage, I went ashore.

I find I have spent eighty days altogether on the Atlantic, and though sometimes monotonous for a short season, in the main these days have been very full. In addition to the religious work one has been permitted to do, there has been a good deal of literary work done also. This book ought not to be *dry*, for it has mostly been written whilst speeding over the green hills of the North Atlantic Ocean in fair weather and foul. I hope, indeed, that it may take a humble place with other larger works, in giving some insight into life beyond and on the Atlantic. From the smoke-beaten Vicarage near the North Sea I bid my reader "Farewell."

THE END

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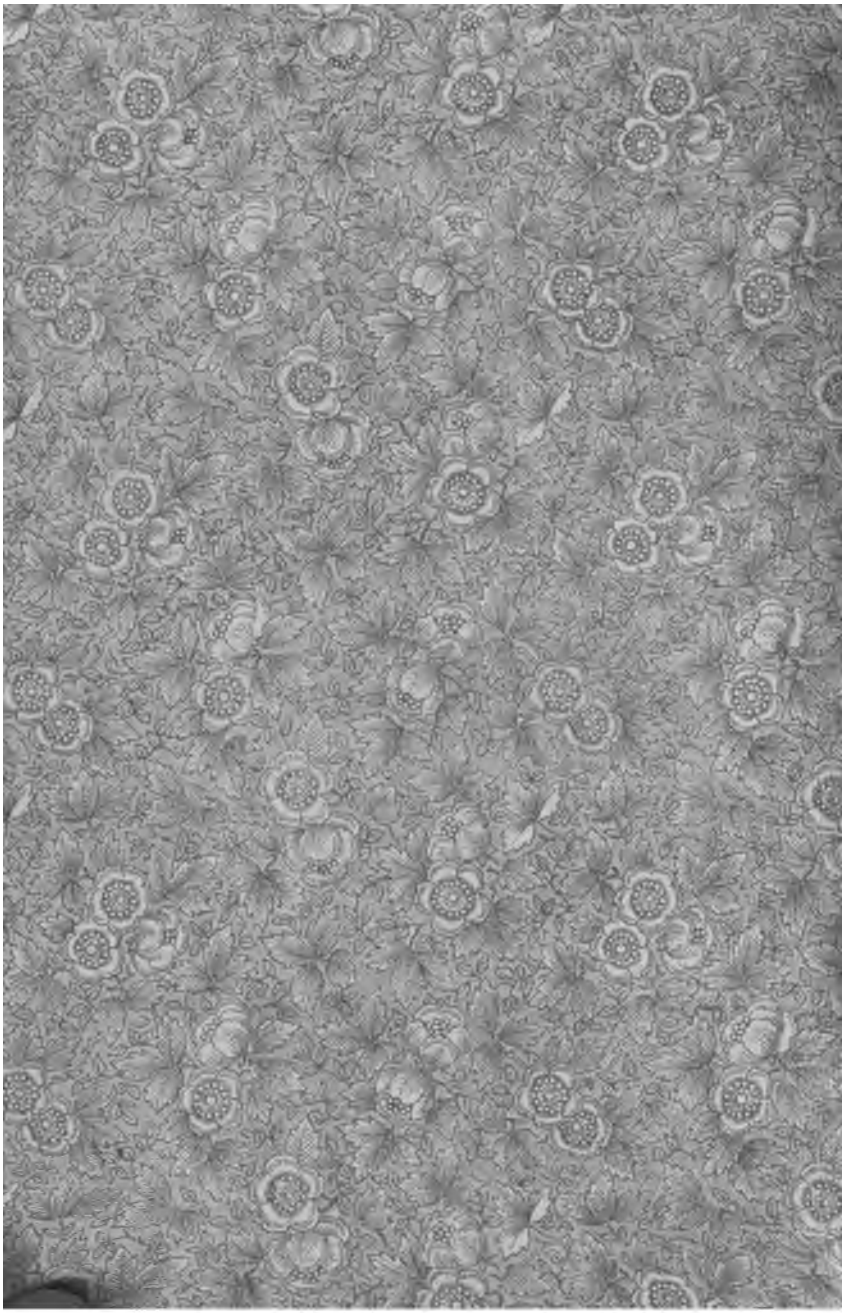

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